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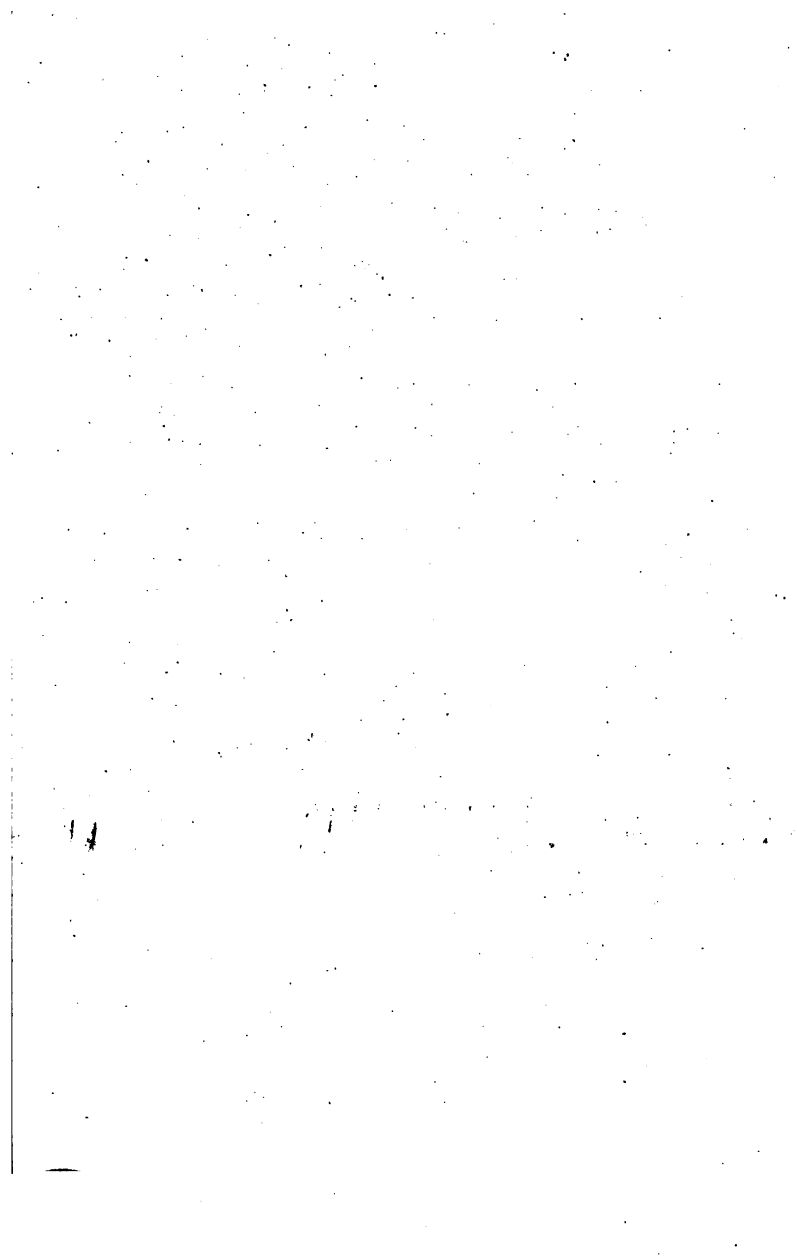
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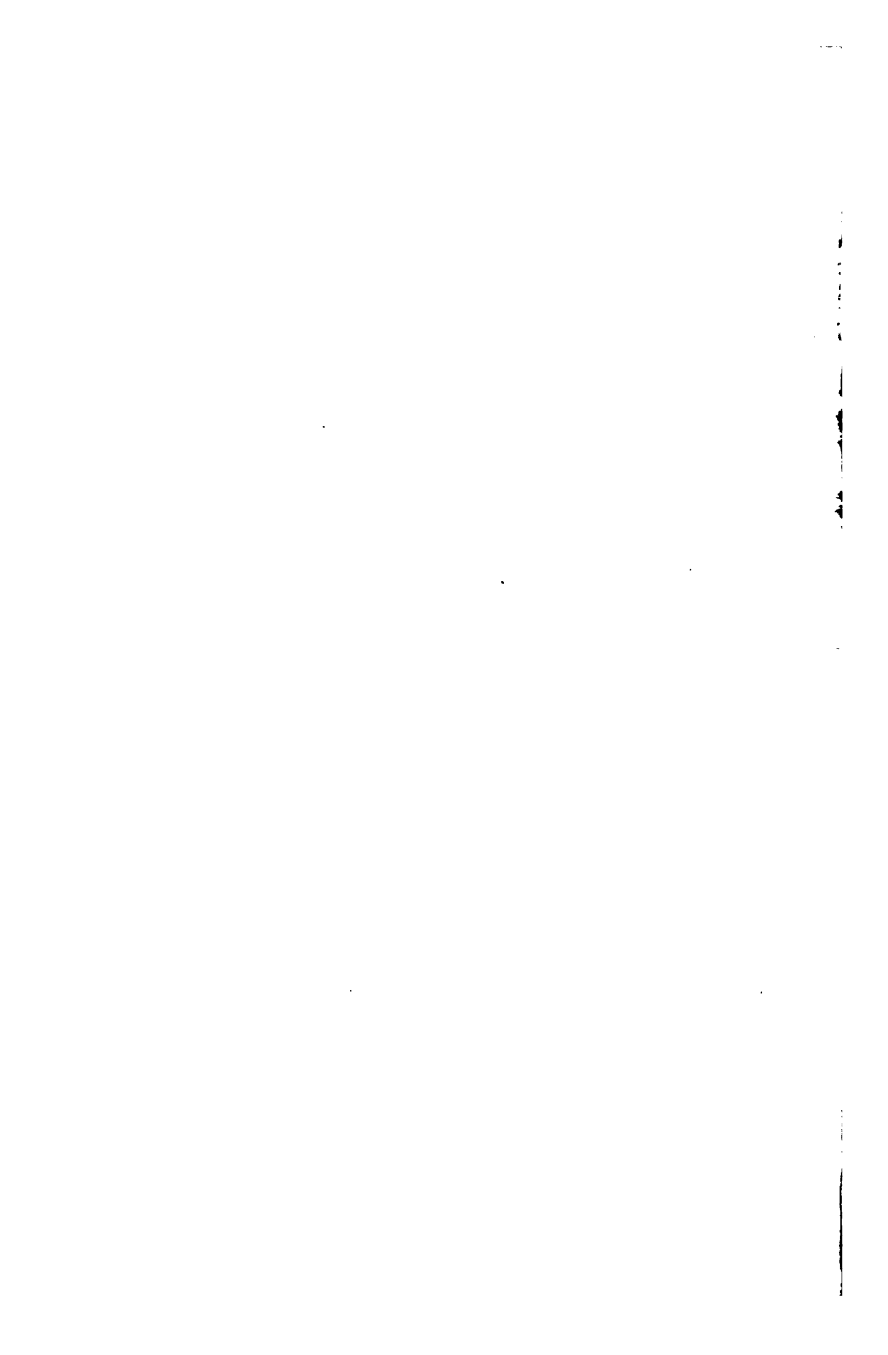
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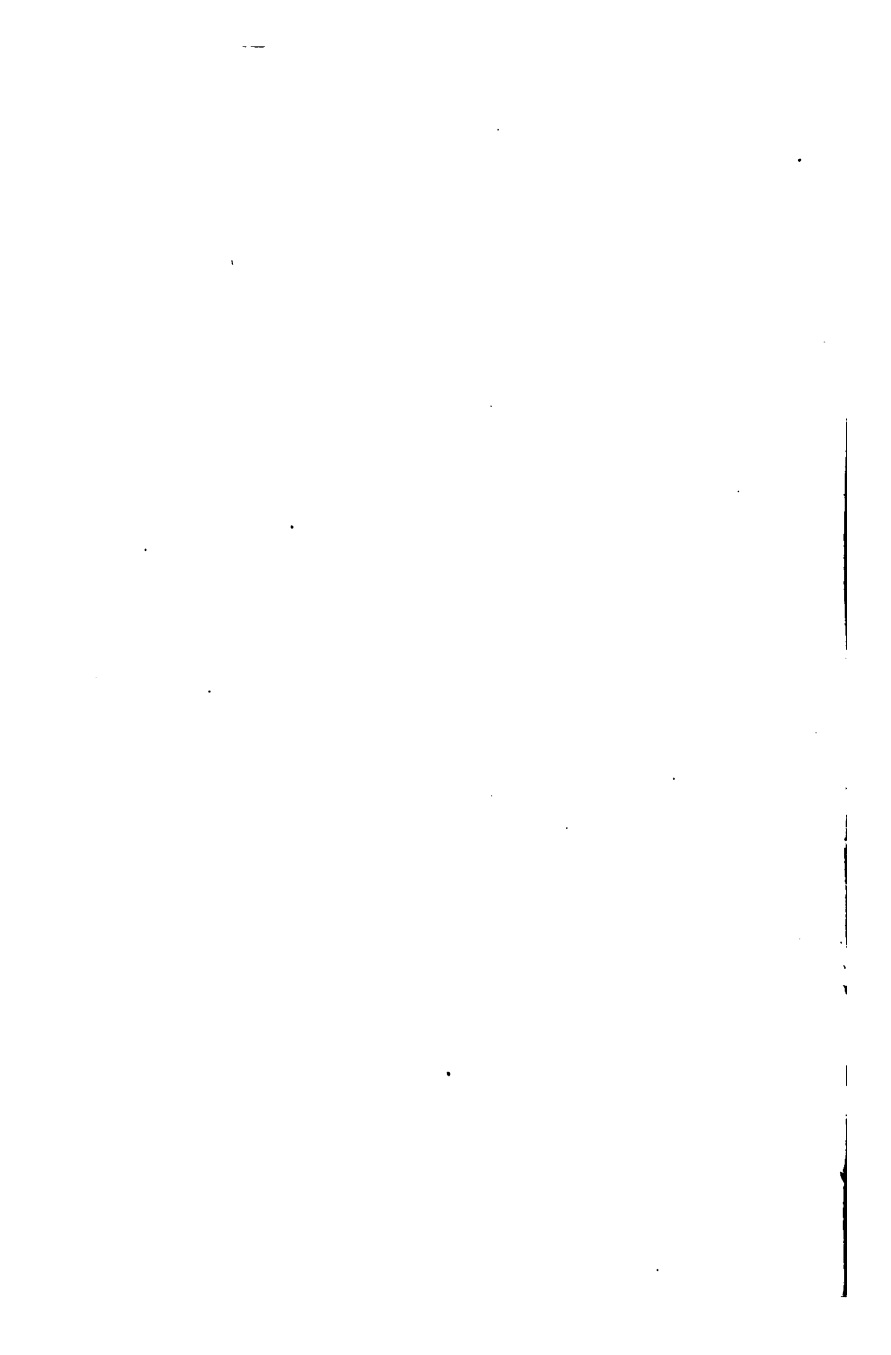


**PATTY GRAY'S**  
**JOURNEY TO THE COTTON ISLANDS.**

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1. *FROM BOSTON TO BALTIMORE.*
2. *FROM BALTIMORE TO WASHINGTON.*
3. *ON THE WAY; Or, PATTY AT MOUNT VERNON.*

(Others in preparation.)









MATTY FEEDING HER DONKEY.

PATHE GRAYS & DALY.

TO THE

COTTON ISLANDS.

SERIES OF PICTURES FOR CATHOLIC

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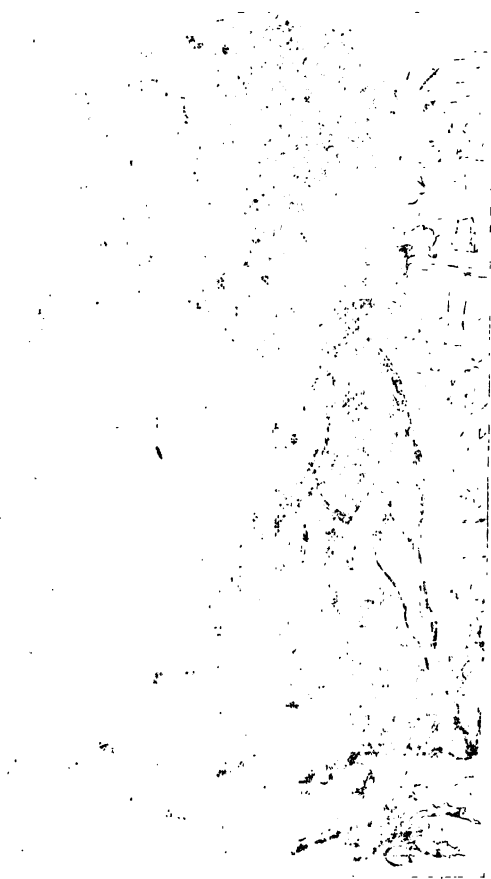
They are printed in the English language  
and are sold in the English language,  
English language and English language,  
The English language and English language.

London.

OSTON.

LEE AND SUPPARD.

1870.



# PATTY GRAY'S JOURNEY

TO THE

## COTTON ISLANDS.

*A SERIES OF BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.*

BY

CAROLINE H. DALL.

"I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud, like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of our deep-plunged woe."  
LOWELL.

BOSTON:  
LEE AND SHEPARD.  
1870.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by  
LEE AND SHEPARD,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

STEREOTYPED AT THE  
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,  
19 Spring Lane.

*PATTY GRAY'S JOURNEY.*

---

# ON THE WAY;

OR,

PATTY AT MOUNT VERNON.

BY

CAROLINE H. DALL.

"She smiled, and 'Which is fairer,' said her eyes,  
'The hag's unreal Florimel or mine?'"

LOWELL.

BOSTON:  
LEE AND SHEPARD.  
1870.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by .  
LEE AND SHEPARD,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

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ELECTROTYPED AT THE  
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ON THE WAY;  
OR,  
PATTY AT MOUNT VERNON.

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CHAPTER I.

DUDDINGTON HOUSE AND KALORAMA.

WHEN Patty came down to breakfast the next morning, she looked like a wilted flower. All the color was gone from her dear little cheeks. Her eyes shone large and dark under her cropped hair, and her little lip dropped in a grievous fashion. That was the way Patty always looked when she had been doing wrong, and had "*found herself out.*"

If her little heart told her she was doing right, all the world might blame her, and Patty could still hold up her head stiffly, and go merrily on her way. But as soon as a little voice within spoke clear and loud, as soon as

the little heart sank, the little head drooped also, and our dear little Patty looked sick and faint. She drank some cold water, and played with an egg, that mamma broke into her glass for her; but she did not want anything to eat, and crept slowly up stairs to the parlor.

"Do you like to read, Patty?" said the Professor's wife, taking pity on her pale face; "would you like a book?"

"If it isn't a *moral* book," said Patty, in a dreary tone, and then she turned very red. I guess she thought that she was too naughty to have what she liked.

Mamma was sitting near, and she looked up as Patty spoke. She felt sure that Patty had grieved enough over her fault. She never wanted any little child of hers to be miserable. She thought it much better for her to be cheerful, even when she had done wrong, because we always have our dear Father in heaven ready to help us to do better.

"Patty!" said mamma.

The little girl came to her mother's knee.

"Have you said your prayers this morning?" continued her mother.

"Why, mamma!" said Patty, in amazement, the color coming quick into her dim cheeks. "Why, mamma! of course I have; how could I get on, such a bad girl as I am, if I hadn't?"

"I don't think you do get on," said Mrs. Gray; "didn't God hear your prayer? Isn't He willing to forgive you?"

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, bursting into tears, "don't say such dreadful things."

"Yes, Patty," said Mrs. Gray, dropping the soft crimson wool she was netting, "you are right. They *are* very dreadful things; but are they worse for me to say than for you to feel?"

"It isn't God, mamma," said Patty. "I know *He* loves me; it's myself. I do hate myself so! You and papa love me so much, and do everything for me; and here I am, just as naughty as if I were a little beggar-girl, with nothing to eat, or drink, or wear. Oh, why can't I be good?" and Patty's tears dropped on the little book she held, — not a "moral" book, I hope, — just like a quick spring shower.

Mrs. Gray put down her work, and took the child into her lap. "Patty," said she, "you can't be good till you are happy."

Patty opened her eyes wide. "Why, mamma!" she said, "mustn't I be good first?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray, smiling; "all that is necessary is, to *mean* to be good; to be willing to take the punishment which must come when you are naughty, and to be so sure of God's love that you will be also sure of his help."

"I always did *mean* to be good," sobbed Patty.

"I believe it, my dear little girl," said her mother, kissing her; "and if it is true, God knows it also. All He asks is, that you will put your hand in his, and walk happily on, keeping just sorry enough to be sober, to be watchful."

"Mamma!" said Patty, "was Jesus happy?"

"The very happiest person that ever was," said Mrs. Gray, brightly. "Why, Patty! who was it that said, 'Your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of *before* you ask him'?"

"And so, if *I* don't know, it's no matter," said Patty, brightening up. "Mamma, that troubles me most of all. I don't know what to ask for; what to think about!"

"Just now," said Mrs. Gray, "you have thought too long, Patty. We cannot go away to-day, for I must wait here for some papers papa is to send from Baltimore. Forget all about the portrait and the medicine man, go get your hat, and I will show you something pretty at the Capitol."

Patty lifted her eyes slowly. She saw that there was not a bit of reproach in her mother's loving face, and she darted up stairs in a moment.

They went over the hill, and passed up the steps of the East Front, and, turning to the left, found themselves in a *vestibule*, or passage, just beyond the old Hall of Representatives. It was supported by marble columns, and Mrs. Gray made Patty look at them.

"What sort of columns are they, Patty?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Patty. "*Dooric* is just plain tree trunks, *Ionic* has the bark stripped down and curling over, and the *Corinthian* has the acanthus leaves. Mamma, those are leaves, but not acanthus. The acanthus is a long, ruffled leaf, like a narrow burdock. What *are* those, mamma?"

"They are cotton leaves," said Mrs. Gray, quite pleased to see how carefully Patty remembered. "I forgot to show them to you the other day, when we looked at the tobacco leaves and the cornstalks."

"They are so pretty!" said Patty, gayly. "We have a tobacco order, and a corn order, and a cotton order. Who did it, mamma?"

"I believe Mr. Latrobe first thought of it," said her mother; "he was the architect who had the care of the building for some years before Mr. Bulfinch. All his designs were beautiful. Mr. Bulfinch always spoke of them with great delight; and if he altered any of them, it was because he could not get the money to carry them out."

"What did Mr. Latrobe give up for?" said Patty.

"For the same reason. He could not get money to do the work as he thought it ought to be done. He brought some of the pupils of Canova from Italy to do the finest carving, and they made many beautiful models; but the two Houses would not grant money to put them into marble. He had a pretty plan of supporting the



gallery of the Senate on figures representing the different States; but after the work was modelled, he had to give it up."

"Mamma," said Patty, eagerly, "I've thought of another pretty column."

"Have you?" said mamma; "what is it?"

"Sugar-cane, mamma. Wouldn't its jointed stem make a pretty pillar? Its flowery plume of purple and gold would wave so nicely from the top."

"The flowers are rather small," said Mrs. Gray. "What would you do with the long leaves?"

"Bind them under the flowers, mamma. I thought of it when I saw it growing in the greenhouse the other day."

They had been moving while Patty talked. They had crossed the old hall, and now entered a lobby.

"Here is another of Mr. Latrobe's pretty ideas," said Mrs. Gray, pausing before a fireplace. "Come and look, Patty."

It was the old fable of *Æsop* adapted to a country's need. On the marble mantel the different States were represented by a bundle of

staves, which a giant was trying in vain to break. There was another fireplace at the other end of the lobby. On that the same chisel had cut the bands that tied the staves, and careless children played with them, or trod them under foot.

Patty remembered the story very well. She recollected the old man who called his children together when he was dying, and, after begging them to love each other, bound some small sticks into a fagot, to show them how strong union would make the weakest things.

She looked at the beautiful carvings for some time.

"Why, mamma," she said, at last, "it seems as if he knew we were going to have a war!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, "from the time of Washington down to the firing of the first gun at Sumter, every thoughtful person did know it, and knew, also, that just as surely as any one State was naughty, and wilful, and determined to have its own way, it would break the band that bound all the rest, and then our beloved country might become the plaything of tyrants and fools in a single moment."

"*What* tyrants and fools, mamma?" said Patty.

"Don't you remember," said Mrs. Gray, "how vexed you were once, to see in a Southern paper something about our having a prince to reign over us? Just as Austria sent a prince to Mexico, England might send one to us, if we were only a little weaker than we ever have been."

"That would be a tyrant!" said Patty, flushing up; "who would be the fools?"

"The fools would be the ambitious men here at home," said Mrs. Gray, "who would make the time of our trouble an occasion to intrigue for power. I think we had a few generals who did that in the rebellion, and certainly there were others in Washington; only this time the country was stronger than the fools."

"This time the South was poor," said Patty; "but, oh, how dreadful it would have been if she had been rich, and could have held out forever and ever!"

"Let us hope that our last war is ended," said mamma.

They went out of the Capitol, and stood a

moment on the tramway. Then Mrs. Gray said, "Patty, if we walk a little way toward the Navy Yard, I think I can show you some of the old forest trees that Pocahontas might have rested under, more than once, as she went up and down the river to save and help the whites."

Patty's face lighted up in a moment; so her mother had no need to ask, "Would you like to go?" They turned off toward New Jersey Avenue, and came at last to a square brick house,\* surrounded by a high wall, which dropped so low in front of the lawn that Patty could have climbed over it. Before the house were four old oaks. They looked as if they had rather a lonely time in the world. There were no blinds on the house, but heavy shutters were bolted across the inside of the windows.

"I think we may spring over the wall," said Mrs. Gray, "if we are careful to do no harm." So Patty gave a jump, and went over. Then she held out her little hand to help her mother.

\* This house stands north and east of Reservation 17 on the plans, and is still owned by the daughters of Daniel Carroll.

Mrs. Gray could have gone over very nicely alone, but she took Patty's hand, because it pleased her to see her little girl attentive and thoughtful.

"If I take it," thought mamma, "Patty will be more likely to offer it again, some day, when it is really needed."

They walked over the dead grass, and round the house. A little foot-track led them to a clump of willows, under which there was a cool spring bubbling up.

"Mamma," said Patty, "somebody comes here. See how bright and clear the water is!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "when I was a young girl, all the neighbors used this spring. I dare say they do it now, although the house is shut up."

"What funny bricks!" said Patty, putting her hand on a part of the wall, near which they stood. "See how small they are, and how blue!"

"Those bricks were made in England," said Mrs. Gray. "Look at them close, and see how hard they are. They do not drink in water like our bricks."

"Why, mamma!" said Patty; "who lived here?"

"Daniel Carroll," said her mother; "and when he built the house, he cut away the oaks to dig his cellar; and all this hill was his farm or pasture. He was so determined to die rich that he became very poor, and had to sell his land, little by little, to buy bread and clothes."

"And what a silly man he was," said Patty, as they trod on tiptoe over the round stones that paved the court-yard, and came out under the big oaks, — "what a silly man he was to send to England for bricks! Why, Willie and I have made bricks our own selves!"

"People did so all over the country, at that time," said Mrs. Gray. "I suppose they did not know where to look for the proper clay. In the French and English war, the English brought over bricks to build their forts with. There is one at Castine, in Maine, built of just such bricks as these; and when Washington built Mount Vernon, in 1785, he sent to England for stones, that he could have found within a very few miles of his own door. Can't you guess the reason?"

Patty was quiet a little while. Then she said, doubtfully, —

"I s'pose there *was* a reason?"

"Oh, yes!" said her mother, smiling. "Washington sent for carpenters and bricklayers, too."

"Oh," said Patty, "that was because of slavery. The slaves hadn't been taught, and so they sent to England for men; and they came, just as they come from Boston now. Was there any other reason, mamma?"

"It was easier to bring the bricks by ship," said Mrs. Gray. "The country was new; we had no good roads; and I dare say Washington did not know where to find the beautiful Baltimore clay, or the Virginia marble."

"Pocahontas knew!" said Patty, suddenly, looking up at the oaks.

"Did she?" said Mrs. Gray.

"Why, yes, mamma," said Patty. "Don't you know what beautiful red pots and kettles Powhatan had, and how he cut kettles for himself out of soapstone? They showed them to us in the Museum, the other day."

Mrs. Gray smiled. She was not sure that Powhatan ever saw the very kettles of which

Patty spoke; but she was glad to have the little girl think about it, and had no doubt he knew where to find the red clay that showed crimson traces all along the water-courses.

They walked home slowly, and found Paul Kane had come to lunch. Patty ate her bread and milk sitting on his knee.

The Professor's wife had had English visitors, and had been vexed at some of the foolish things they said. They had complained because they found no silver forks at a small western hotel.

"They would never have looked for them in a Welsh hamlet," said Paul Kane.

"What is a *hamlet*?" said Patty.

"*Ham* is Anglo-Saxon for *house*," said Paul. "Ham-*let* means a *little* house; but we always use it for a cluster of houses—a little village—less than a town."

"I wonder what they would have said if they had found *neither* knives nor forks," said Mrs. Gray.

"They never could, of course," said the Professor's wife.

"Perhaps not; but *I* did," said Mrs. Gray,



laughing. "It was at one of the most stylish houses in the District. Tea was handed round. Instead of the usual sandwiches, we had buttered flapjacks, sprinkled with sugar. I waited, thinking knives and forks were coming. If they had come, I could not have used them, for I had to hold my cup and saucer. At last I looked round. I saw the ladies fold back their flapjacks into quarters, then take them daintily in their fingers, as if they were pieces of pie."

"Well, Sophie Gray, if you hadn't told that yourself," began the Professor's wife, —

"You wouldn't have believed it," ended Mrs. Gray, laughing; "but it actually happened on the 28th of December, 1842."

"Why, mamma," said Patty, who had been listening with her mouth wide open, "could you remember that little bit of a thing all this while?"

"Yes, Patty," said her mother. "I remember it, because I expected your father to join me at the party, after a long absence."

"Did you ever see anybody else do so?" said Patty, still unbelieving.

"No," said Mrs. Gray. "I knew one gentleman who always ate his buckwheats in the same

fashion ; but I thought that happened to be his own fancy. If I had not seen the ladies take it so quietly, I should have thought it an accident ; but nobody asked for a fork, so I didn't."

"Didn't they know better?" said Patty.

"Yes," said mamma, "I think they did. I laid it where I laid almost everything in those days — to the indifference and carelessness growing out of slave labor. I was once dining with a dear friend, and a boiled shad was brought in on a round plate. 'My dear!' said the gentleman to his wife, 'why can't you see that Chloe puts the shad on a proper dish?' My pretty, kind friend, at the head of the table, looked up quite astonished, and said, 'Why, Miss Early *knows we've got dishes!*'"

They all laughed, but the Professor's wife clapped her hands. "Dear old Virginia to the life!" said she.

"I am glad I have my fish on a long plate," said Patty ; "I should think it would wriggle off!"

Paul took a piece of bark out of his pocket, and showed it to Mrs. Gray. He said it was a "treaty." It was made of the beautiful bark of

the silver birch, and two Indian chiefs had made their "*totems*" on it. Patty looked at it, and thought she could make out a reindeer and a turtle.

"I should like to see a real treaty," said she, "such as kings and emperors sign."

"You may see one in half an hour," said Paul. "I am going down to the State Department, and I will show you the Webster and Ashburton treaty if you will go."

"What was that?" said Patty.

"A treaty that England and America signed, to settle the shape of the State of Maine," said Paul. "May she go, mamma?"

"And welcome," said Mrs. Gray. "I was going to take her to Kalorama, but I am too tired. I felt quite independent walking about with her this morning, but in 1842 I could not have gone without a gentleman. In those days, if a gentleman went out with a lady, he wasn't allowed to leave her till he shut her safe inside of her own front door."

How merrily Patty laughed! She ran up stairs to get the soft gray hat, and very soon she and Paul were on their way.

Paul had permission to copy some curious state papers for a friend in England, and as soon as he got to the State Department, he found a clerk willing to wait on him, to whom he had to explain what he wanted. They had some talk about the birch bark treaty, for it was about that that Paul had come. They went into another room together, and after a few moments Paul called Patty; he held some papers in his hand.

"Do you know who Benedict Arnold was?" said he.

"He was the man who made Washington sorry," said Patty, looking up.

"I am afraid a good many men did that," said Paul; "but see! These are the papers that were found in André's boots when he was caught; and here are letters which Arnold wrote on birch bark, from an Indian camp."

Patty looked at the letters. "Did he make his ink of berries?" said she. "I am glad I have seen them, they make the story seem so real. Now I can believe there were such people."

Paul's business was ended. "We will go into the Audience Chamber," said he, "and see the treaty."

The Audience Chamber was a plain room, with a few pictures hanging on the walls. The clerk who had been listening to Paul went with them, and took the Ashburton treaty out of a carved oaken box. It looked like a book written in a clear and upright hand on parchment, and bound in crimson velvet. Broad ribbons of blue, crimson, green, and pink hung about it, and it was tied with a cord and tassels of crimson and silver. To this cord the English seal was fastened. Patty thought this would be of sealing-wax; but it looked like beeswax. She could just see a print of a woman on horseback upon it; but the lines were very faint. This seal was shut into a silver box, with the arms of England upon it. Patty looked at the signature of Victoria. It was very large and coarse, each letter a third of an inch long.

"She can't always write like that," said Patty, in wonder.

"No," said Paul; "what a lot of paper it would take!"

"Is there only one treaty?" said Patty.

"There are two," said Paul; "the other is in England; that is sealed with the United States seal."

They turned to go out of the building, and then Paul said, "Patty, where were you going this afternoon?"

"To Kalorama," said the little girl.

"What is Kalorama?" said Paul, looking curiously at the child.

"I don't know," said Patty, "only Decatur was buried there, and mamma used to go there a good deal when she was young."

"Would you like to see a picture of Decatur?" said Paul, and Patty looked up with a sparkle in her eyes. They crossed the square, passing once more between the statue of Jackson and the White House, and went up the steps of the Navy Department.

Here Patty saw pictures of the *Guerrière* and the *Constitution*, and a great many pictures, poorly painted, of the men who fought England on the sea, in what we still call *the last war*. Paul stopped in front of the portrait of Decatur.

"I could have painted as well as that myself," said he; "but he was a right smart Yankee."

"He was a Southerner," said Patty, with dignity. "What sharp eyes he had! He looks all alive."

They stood a few moments, and then Paul took Patty's hand.

"Now let us go to Kalorama," said he, and stooped for a moment to tie Patty's hat. He saw the strings were floating.

"Thank you," said Patty, drawing back. "I always tie my own hat; but, Paul, you don't like to go anywhere. What are you going to Kalorama for?"

"I don't know," said Paul, making up a face; "but I guess it is because it is disagreeable. Who lived at Kalorama?"

"I believe it was Colonel Bumford," said Patty, hesitating; "but I don't know who he was."

"See what it is to be famous," said Paul; "why, Kalorama was built by the great Joel Barlow; and here is a little girl, who prides herself on being an American, and she never heard a word about it." \*

"Who was he, then?" said Patty, meekly.

\* It was because Barlow was Decatur's friend that he was buried at Kalorama. Barlow and Colonel Bumford married sisters, and Mrs. Barlow left the place to the Bumfords when she died. A fire has lately destroyed the house; the tomb remains.

"He was a Connecticut boy," said Paul; "he ended by being a soldier, a preacher, a lawyer. He sold land; he made verses. He was an Englishman, a Frenchman, and a Yankee. He was a trader and an ambassador, a man who knew everybody's business, and yet contrived to do his own. He wrote one poem called 'Hasty Pudding,' and another called the 'Vision of Columbus!'"

"Paul," said Patty, very gravely, "those are certainly fibs."

"I knew you would say so," said Paul, pretending to scowl. "You must ask mamma. I'm an Irishman, and can't pretend to know; but, Patty, Joel Barlow was once a very great man in America, and now nobody ever speaks of him. He was minister to France, consul at Algiers, and the friend of Washington. No man ever spoke bolder words for liberty; yet I dare say you never heard of it, just because he made one mistake."

"What was that?" said Patty.

"He thought he was a poet. 'Hasty Pudding' was the best verse he ever wrote; but he persisted in writing long poems that nobody



wanted to read, and he printed them so splendidly that nobody had money enough to buy them if they did want to."

"Oh, Paul!" said Patty, laughing; "but tell me something to remember; that is all nonsense!"

"Well," said Paul, "here it is. He was a bold, free man, determined to do a great work in the world, and not very well prepared to do it. At a time when nobody in America could think about books, he printed his poem about Columbus, and filled it with beautiful pictures. He planned a great Academy of Literature and Science to be formed under the protection of the government, and nobody had time to attend to his plan; so it was left for your friends Sumner and Wilson to carry out a few years ago. He was sent to Algiers and Tripoli to look after Americans held as slaves; he freed them, and sent them home, and made the Dey sign a treaty promising never to make any more. What do you think of that?"

"Oh, that was splendid," said Patty; "but, Paul, I thought it was Decatur who did that?"

"No; Decatur went twenty years after, with

guns and ships, and battered down their towns because the Dey did not keep the promise he had made. Barlow worked for the poor slaves at the risk of his life. Nobody helped him, and all the kings in Europe tried to bother him; but he finished his work. When he came home, a rich man, he bought Kalorama, and lived there like a prince."

Patty and Paul had been walking all the time they were chatting about the great American poet. They now came to a neat porter's lodge, and turned into a winding carriage path, which led up the hill through the grove. Then they saw a pleasant-looking house, with one odd wing. Along this wing ran a broad piazza. It was glazed, and was now full of beautiful flowers. The upper story of the piazza had an awning over it. Paul crossed the lawn, Patty crying out with delight every now and then, as she caught a glimpse of the River, Rock Creek, Georgetown, or the Capitol. The day was warm, the grass looked a little green, the water sparkled in the sun.

"Why, Paul," said Patty, "it is just like Georgetown Heights. How glad I am I came!"

"Kalorama stands on a piece of the same ridge," said Paul. "See how sharp the banks of Rock Creek are!"

They stood beside a low tomb built into the bank. Paul threw himself down on the grass, and Patty went up to the tomb, and, in spite of dampness and mould, spelt out, "Decatur," "Barron," and the date, "1820."

"Such a humbug!" said Paul; "that man went to Tripoli to free the slaves; and if he had not been a slave himself, he might have been alive now."

"What!" said Patty, coming up to Paul, and sitting down on the broad lappets of his coat, while she plunged her rosy lips into his great red beard, — "what! Decatur a slave! Who made him one, Paul?"

"I wish I knew," said Paul; "we're all slaves, I believe."

"I am not a slave," said Patty, sitting up.

"No, you little midget," said Paul. "but you will be ten years hence. Patty, do you know how Decatur died?"

"No," said Patty.

"Well," said Paul, "he was shot by Commo-

dore Barron in a duel. Barron commanded an American ship, afterward given to Decatur. Decatur blamed Barron. Barron heard of it, and invited him to walk out and be shot."

"Oh, Paul!"

"Or to shoot *him*," said Paul. "They were to have an even chance; but, Patty, if Decatur had been truly brave, he would have refused to do any such thing. He who had fought at Algiers was afraid of women's tongues. He was a coward, after all."

"Women's tongues?" said Patty.

"Don't *they* do all the talking?" said Paul. "He knew it was all wrong, and yet he did it!"

"Paul," said Patty, "are you sure he did know? It must be very hard to know about such things when a man is fighting all the time."

"No matter," said Paul, looking at the child with a tear in his eye. "At any rate, there lies one of the greatest men you Americans ever had; but who cares anything about him? If I went into a Boston school to-morrow, who could tell me where he was buried? If any of you went to London, you would go to see the Nel-

son monument. Decatur was as good a man ; but who goes to look at his monument ? ”

“ I do, and mamma does,” said Patty, growing very red, “ and you do, Paul.”

“ Oh, yes ! but I’m an Irishman.”

“ I don’t believe he was a coward, Paul,” said Patty. “ I don’t believe it, for all your talk ; but I wish he hadn’t fought that duel.”

## CHAPTER II.

## THE TWO LETTERS.

THE next morning Patty came down bright and happy. She had not forgotten the old portrait in the attic at Spring Vale ; indeed, just inside the pocket of her gray dress she had sewed a little bit of red ribbon, which came out every time she used her handkerchief, and was meant to remind her that she was not a good girl. She told nobody why she put it there, but she thought to herself, "It is like the war paint on the Indian faces — just as ugly as it can be" — and when her mother said at breakfast, —

"Patty, what is that ugly bit of ribbon floating out of your pocket for?" she only answered, —

"Mamma, it isn't half as ugly as I am ;" and that made everybody laugh, and Patty kept her secret.

She had not forgotten ; but mamma had done all she could to comfort her sore heart, and Paul Kane had done all he could to tease her ; and, between the two, Patty began to feel like herself again.

As soon as breakfast was over, the bell rang, and a police officer brought a large parcel to Mrs. Gray. Her name was on it, in papa's writing, and down on one side was printed, in large letters, the words "Mount Vernon."

"Why, mamma," said Patty, "is that what you have been waiting for?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray ; "this and some papers that are with it, about the Quaker schools for colored people. I am going alone to see those this morning. You will stay with the Professor's wife. This afternoon I am going to draw a plan of Mount Vernon, because I cannot find in any of the books one that I like ; and to-morrow you and I are going away again, first to Arlington, and then to Mount Vernon."

"Why, mamma," said Patty, looking with wonder at the closely-written papers mamma held in her hand, "did you want all those

papers for me? What made you send for them?"

"Patty," said her mother, "do you think you could stay two or three days at Mount Vernon?"

"To be sure I could," said Patty; "but why do you want to, mamma? I thought you were in a hurry to get to Richmond."

"So I am," said Mrs. Gray; "but, Patty, I want one thing more than that. I want you to understand how great and good George Washington was. I think you will know him better if I take my books and papers with me, and talk to you about him on the very spot where he lived."

"It isn't much matter what *I* think," said Patty, stoutly.

"My dear Patty," said her mother, "the world is made of just such little girls and boys as you and Willie. I did not say anything the other day, when you said you didn't like Washington; but I heard it, and I thought how sorry I should be, if all little girls felt in the same way."

"They all do at school," said Patty, pulling out her red ribbon, and looking at it, so that she might not lose her temper.



"What makes them dislike him?" said Mrs. Gray.

"Because people make such a fuss about him!" said Patty, talking very fast; "just think of the story they tell about his cutting that tree! If he was so very good, why didn't he go and tell his father just as soon as he'd done it? as he *ought* to — as *I* ought to?" — stammered Patty, mixing up her own wrong-doing with Washington's. "Why, mamma, you'd be ashamed of *me*, if I didn't tell the truth when I was *asked*. And then, his mother: why, mamma, she wouldn't let him go to sea, and she didn't want him to go to the army. I don't think she was a bit better than other people. I like Lincoln ever so much better."

"Do you know why you like him better?" said Mrs. Gray.

"Oh, there are ever so many reasons," said Patty.

"That may be," said mamma; "but, Patty, I think we love Lincoln because we pity him. No one ever thought of pitying Washington."

"I guess not!" said Patty, tossing up her head.

"But we do pity Lincoln," said Mrs. Gray. "Everything was against him from the beginning. He had no mother after he could recollect. His father was a very ignorant man. The woman he loved most tenderly, died before he could marry her. He loved another well enough to ask her to be his wife; and he was so sad, and moody, and restless, that she dared not marry him. Left all alone in a part of Illinois where there were very few noble men or delicate women, he lived, for many years, a despondent and unhappy life. He began to think about his country, not so much because he wanted to, as because he must have something to do; and so — through trouble so sharp and hot that it seemed as if he were walking over red-hot iron — God led him to the White House. Then, for the first time, he saw men and women as they are, children of God, and felt that it was worth while to suffer and die. Just as we all knew that we loved him with our whole hearts, as we revered the strength, the patience, and the love with which he toiled, he did suffer and die for our sakes."

Little Patty's eyes were full of tears. "How

could I help loving him?" she said. "Oh, mamma, he was worth a dozen Washingtons. Washington never loved anybody."

"Washington did not show his love in the same way," said Mrs. Gray; "but if Lincoln had genius, Washington had power; if Lincoln was tender, Washington was firm; if Lincoln was honest, so was Washington; and if we look carefully at the lives of both, we find a great many things in Lincoln's to pain us, while Washington's — if it seems cold and stately — was always without reproach."

"I suppose you know," said Patty, with a hot flush on her cheek; "but I don't like to hear you say it."

"I don't like to say it," said Mrs. Gray. "I think I love Lincoln as warmly as you do. It is not always the best people that we love the most. He was a 'gift of God.' We did not deserve him. But when Washington came, he was just as much a 'gift of God.'"

"I wish he had been unhappy just once," said Patty.

"I think he was," said her mother. "He loved a fair young girl, and was too shy to tell her,

and when his bolder friend married her, he was very unhappy for a while."

"Mamma," said Patty, "I don't feel as if he were a man at all. I feel as if he were a great big machine."

"He certainly was a man," said Mrs. Gray, laughing, "and when he was as old as you are, he had a friend in Richard Henry Lee, and he wrote letters to him that sound very much like Willie's letters to cousin Arthur."

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, "have you ever seen them? I should like to read them so much!"

Mrs. Gray began to look through her papers, and at last she drew out two stiff yellow sheets.

"There are two," said she, "just as Colonel Washington copied them for me. While I am gone you may read \* them, and tell me what you think of them when I come back."

Patty took the stiff papers, and as soon as mamma had gone, she began to trace out the faded words. The paper, on which the letters were written, did not look like any we have

\* These letters have since been printed by Lossing from the originals, in the possession of Richard Henry Lee's son.

now. It was very heavy, and pressed into lines, so that it made Patty think of yellow dimity. I wonder if there is a little girl anywhere now, who knows what *dimity* is? Patty knew, for dear grandmamma's bedroom at Spring Vale was curtained with it, and grandmamma herself used to wear the old-fashioned short gown of dimity over a fine cambric skirt, in the hot summer mornings. Patty once asked what *dimity* meant, and papa showed her that the cloth curled up, in little stripes, and looked just alike on both sides. This was because it was woven in an odd way. It was named from two Greek words, and its name meant "woven with two threads."

Patty thought of this as she looked at the paper. The Professor's wife was in the room. She sat on the floor by the side of her dear little baby. She had bright colored wool on her needles, and baby liked it. Now and then his little hand would clutch the thread, and before mamma knew it, it would snap. Patty called this lady aunt Anna. She looked up from her paper a moment, and saw the pretty picture. Then she held out her hand.

"Aunt Anna," said she, "what is the matter with this paper? See how thick and strong it is! Although it is so yellow, I cannot tear the least bit of it; and see all these coarse lines. Although it is so thick, I can see right through these lines. What are they?"

"They are the marks of the wire frame in which the paper was made," said the Professor's wife; and she shook the sheet out, and held it up to the light. "Come here, Patty," she said, in a moment. "I don't believe mamma knows what she has got. This is a sheet of paper that was made for Washington himself; it is more than eighty years old. What do you see beside the lines?"

"I see a woman sitting on something that looks like a plough turned upside down," said Patty; "she has got a branch of a tree in one hand and a long stick in the other; there is a circle round her, and some letters, and a queer bird sits on the top of the circle. It looks like baby's wooden duck."

"It was meant for a raven," said aunt Anna; "but spell out the letters."

Patty picked them out, and found that they spelt the name of George Washington.

"Colonel Washington copied the notes on this old paper," said the Professor's wife, "because he thought it would please mamma to have some of it."

"What makes it so tough?" said Patty.

"It was made of linen," said her friend, "and the fibre of flax is longer and stronger than that of cotton. Our paper is cotton."

"But, aunty," said Patty, "isn't our paper made in a frame, too? Why don't the marks of the wires show like these?"

"When this was made," said aunt Anna, "all paper was made by hand, and was very costly. A man took a frame just the size of this sheet. The wires of which the frame was made were much coarser than those we use now; and some of them were twisted into a mark, like that you just spelt out; and every sheet of paper was made by dipping the frame or mould into the wet pulp, and then hanging it to dry. Now it is done much faster by machinery, but the paper isn't so good."

"Who is the woman?" said Patty.

"I think she was meant for Liberty," said aunt Anna, laughing, "and it must have been when

Washington was at the head of his army, that he seated her on a plough!"

"Now let us read the letters," said Patty; and she slowly spelt out the words that were on the paper:—

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elephant and a little indian boy on his back like uncle jo's sam. Pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let Uncle Jo bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me.

"RICHARD HENRY LEE"

"Richard Henry Lee didn't mind his stops nor his capitals," said Patty, "and I can't read his letter right. I remember I used to think it very hard to have to write my letters to grand-mamma over and over till I got them right. But she never would have known what they meant, aunt Anna, if they'd looked like this."

"Let us see what George Washington wrote,"



said the Professor's wife, throwing her ball of bright wool at her baby.

Patty read on,—

“‘DEAR DICKEY I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it, and I read to him how the tame Elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let any body touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me, & lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

“‘G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,  
And likes his book full well,  
Henceforth will count him his friend,  
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

“‘Your good friend,

“‘GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"'I am going to get a whip top soon, and you may see it & whip it.'

"That is better," said Patty; "he understands his ps and qs. He really was a little boy, once, and played with a top! Who would ever believe it?"

"I have found out something else from that letter," said aunt Anna.

"Have you?" said Patty. "What is it?"

"First, that somebody had taught Washington grammar very carefully," said her friend. "It is often said that he was never taught grammar, and could not read a line of any language but English. I don't know about the languages; but a little boy, who was so young that somebody had to lead his pony, would never have written, 'if it be not rainy,' if he hadn't been taught. This little boy had a kind heart, too, or he wouldn't have shown the pictures to Sam. He was prudent, and knew what was proper, and that made him tell Sam, who was probably a little black boy, about the elephant who took such good care of his master's son."

"How much you do think of!" said Patty.

"But Washington was always so *proper*, aunty! Lincoln didn't seem to care so much what people thought, if he could only do right."

"It is hard to tell what is right, sometimes," said aunt Anna, "and other people cannot decide that for us. I had a sharp lesson about that when I was a little girl."

"Oh, what was it?" said Patty, dropping her letters, and coming close to her aunty's knee.

"You don't like *moral* books," said the Professor's wife, in a teasing tone.

"It isn't a book!" said Patty. "I can't help it, those Sunday School books are so stupid!—they never tell me anything I don't know my own self."

"Neither shall I, little Patty," said aunt Anna, "but you may hear the story. It isn't my fault if it has a moral."

"You know I lived in Virginia, when I was a little girl," she began, "in the city of Richmond. It was a beautiful city then, for it was long before the war, and every winter it was very gay."

"My name was Anna Maury. My father was rich, and we lived in a fine house, with a large garden. Every winter, friends of ours from the

country used to come to town, and board at the hotels. Their little children were at school with me, and twice a week we all went to dancing-school together.

"One winter, when I was eleven years old, there were about twenty of us little girls and boys, who met every week to keep up our dancing. We went to each other's houses, and staid from four o'clock till eight. We danced from four till seven. Then we had our supper of Baltimore biscuits, sweet milk, fried oysters, and cottage cheese; and, as our mothers were always with us, we sometimes staid a while after tea, and played merry games.

"When the days were short, and it grew dark before tea-time, we used to get very tired waiting for supper. Sometimes none of us wanted to dance. Mamma has told you, Patty, how slow and careless the slave servants were. Most of our friends lived in a great deal of style; but it used to seem as if the candles would never be lit in the large rooms, and while they were dark, we were all as stupid as could be."

"I know," said Patty, "when I am married I am going to have a thousand lights."

"We should have been very well off with a dozen," said aunt Anna; "but, Patty, I didn't like moral books in those days any better than you do. I was very fond of fairy stories; and half a dozen of the children, younger than myself, belonged to what I called my *Fairy Circle*.

"We used to meet together and dress ourselves up. We had green paper wings with silver stars on them, silver wands with real butterflies pinned to their tops, and caps that were altogether too splendid to talk about. When we were dressed up, we used to sit down and tell fairy stories, and mamma always gave us some candy and cake.

"The *Fairy Circle* used to go to the dancing parties; and so one night the little girls got tired and sleepy before uncle Ben had lighted the wax candles, and they all came buzzing round me:—

"'Oh, do tell us a story!' 'You know you can.' 'Sit right down on the carpet, Anna Maury, and make believe we've got our wings on.'"

"Yes, I knew I could tell a story; but I had

never talked before little boys or grown-up people, and the large rooms at Governor Wise's were full. I hung back. All the children began to fret. I said I would go up stairs with my fairies, but mamma said it was too cold; and, in the midst of all our talk and scolding, the tea-bell rang, and we all ran out, and forgot about it. Afterward, as I came out from tea, I heard the colored people talking: 'Jist wish dat picaninny mine,' said the old nurse — 'jis do now.'

"'Step lively,' said uncle Ben; 'don't see what her maw's about; she so disobleegin'.'

"'Walk right over folks' head, *she* will,' said another. I knew they were talking about me; but we were not brought up to have much respect for the opinion of our servants, and I did not feel very badly. Not long after the party broke up. Somebody opened the hall door, and the fresh breeze blew out the lights. Several of us stood waiting in the hall, and through the dark I heard Mrs. Wise's voice: 'Yes, I am afraid if she had been my child I should not have been so patient.'

"'You needn't,' answered the sweet voice of

one of our neighbors, a young married lady, of whom I was very fond. 'To think of the time she kept us all waiting! It's quite a duty, you know, to help a party go off. Children may as well begin early to do their share. You should hear her chatter at home! Their garden is right under my windows.'

"'It was really disobliging,' said Mrs. Wise, slowly, but as if it gave her pain to say it.

"So they all blamed me. I was the ill-bred child, and all the others, who had teased me so, of course, *they* were not a bit to blame. The great tears gathered in my eyes as the thought came, and then somebody else said, —

"'Her mother always lets her have her own way.'

"My poor, dear mamma! so she must be blamed for my fault. I could bear no more. I slipped through the door, darted down the steps, and was half way home before I remembered that there was ice on the ground, and that I had on thin shoes. I don't know whether anybody scolded me or not. I had a good cry on the bed before the carriage came; and when aunt Abbie had puffed all the way up stairs,

she took me up, and began to undress me, mumbling, —

"'That's a tyke! pretty lace all in a mash! I reckon you'se sorry for your goings on.'

"I said my prayers before I went to sleep. I asked God to forgive me, and I thought to myself that the next time I would do better."

"Is that all?" said Patty.

"No," said aunt Anna; "the saddest part is to come. The next time our little sociable met, it was a very stormy day. We went to Mrs. Van Loo's, on the hill. It was a grand house, and we were sure of a dainty supper, for Mrs. Van Loo would always have what she chose; but I dreaded it. There 'were two or three strangers in town—ladies from New York. I knew they would be there. Well, we danced till we were tired, and then there came the dull, stupid waiting for tea. This time the room was lighted quickly enough; for Mrs. Van Loo's servants always did as they were told; but there was only one little girl in the house, and she was a timid little creature, who did not know what to do.

"'Now we want a story,' said Amy Wise, turning toward me with a pert look.



"'Birds that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing,' shouted one of the older girls.

"'It's no use asking Anna Maury,' said another, in a discontented tone.

"The last speaker was one of my own fairies; and as soon as she had spoken, I said, in a voice half choked with fear, —

"'I will try, if you will like to have me.' Nothing could ever have been harder, little Patty. I was a shy child, to whom it was a real torment to be looked at. 'Oh, she will! she will!' shouted the children; and the fairies all scrambled round me in a minute. I took a cushion and sat down on the floor; the older children stood or lounged behind my fairies; and I felt, although I did not see, that the ladies and gentlemen stood outside of all. At first there was a buzz all round me. Nobody stopped talking, and that gave me courage. But as I went on, my voice rose, and all the rest were hushed. I forgot those that stood by. I made my story as I went along, and very soon I thought of it more than of my listeners. I dare say I talked too long; but they were all silent; nobody checked or counselled me, and

dear mamma was at home, lying ill in her room. I know my cheeks grew very red; and when I stopped, I went away by myself, and hid. I don't remember that anybody praised me. Everything was still, until I got out of hearing. I believe my story was sad, and I think, when I lay down up stairs, I must have gone right to sleep. I did not go to supper, and nobody missed me. At last I was roused by hearing somebody say, —

“‘How that child did go on—bold as a lion!’

“‘Thankful she isn't mine,’ said another voice, that of one of the strangers from New York. ‘I should expect to see her on the stage.’

“‘I don't see that it's any worse than tableaux,’ said a meek little woman.

“‘So presumptuous!’ said the hostess. ‘I dare say she meant it well enough; but a chit of that age to keep her elders standing all that while!’

“‘Where is she?’ asked somebody.

“‘Making it up in my supper-room, I dare say,’ said Mrs. Van Loo.

“Patty, they were putting on their cloaks to go home, and even my little fairies had not cared to see whether I got any supper or not!”

Patty looked up at the Professor's wife with her heart beating fast in her very throat. She saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears. She ran to her, and threw her arms round her neck.

"Oh, aunt Anna!" she said, "don't cry, now. *I* love you dearly."

But aunt Anna's head sank lower and lower, till she hid it in baby's bosom, and sobbed for a few moments, as if she were no older than Patty herself.

Patty did not know what to do. At last she said, "What did aunt Abbie say?"

"Not much," said aunt Anna, trying to recover herself. "As soon as I opened the hall door, she caught me up. 'Here's dis chile so sot up; nebber speak soft agin. Now, missy, you come to bed; dat's nuff for one night.'"

"Oh, aunty!" said Patty, laughing in the midst of her tears.

"It is not strange that you laugh," said aunt Anna; "but, Patty, whenever I try to tell the story, the tears will come. It was so cruel of them all! But they did not know what they did, and I could never forget it. My mother

grew suddenly worse that night, and I never saw her again. When she was laid in the grave, I felt as if nobody in the world loved me."

"But God did, aunty," said Patty, under her breath.

"Yes, my darling, I know he did; and that these things happened to me was part of his tender care. I suppose I was so shy as to be disobliging. It would have been easy for me to be conceited and disagreeable. My dear mother was to be taken away, and it was well that I should learn, little girl though I was, that I could not live by trying to please everybody. After that I never thought of pleasing, only of doing right. You know the Professor 'and I have had a hard time in the world, and very often the memory of that night has kept my courage up."

"That was just the way Lincoln felt," said Patty.

## CHAPTER III.

## BRITTANIA.

THE next morning Patty came down long before her mother. The urn was boiling fast, and little Chloe, the fat, dumpy colored girl, looked out crossly from under her red turban. Everybody was keeping her waiting! Patty ran down to the terrace, and thought she would have a race with Gyp—the clumsy terrier—before mamma could get down. She had been playing only a little while, when a funny little wagon drove up to the door. It was black and scarlet, and would hold only two people.

Patty stopped playing to look at it. A very strange pony was harnessed into it—at least, Patty thought it must be a pony. A colored man was holding its head. He wore plain, dark-blue clothes, but on his right sleeve was

a bit of silver lace, and something that looked like a letter of the alphabet.

"He can't be a slave," said Patty, "for there are no slaves; but that looks like livery. English servants wear livery; so I suppose a poor freed-man may; but I wish he didn't. I wonder who the funny pony belongs to!"

So Patty crept down the steps, and went round to the front of the little carriage.

"What a pretty pony!" said she, out loud.

The colored man took off his cap, and said, —

"It be only a donkey, little missy."

"A donkey!" said Patty; "I thought donkeys were ugly and stupid; but *he* is a beauty." So she stood fondling the bright creature, and smoothing his dark, glossy coat.

"What bright eyes he has, and how his ears move!" she said at last; "and how polished his hoofs are! Do you paint them, as General Washington used to?"

The colored man shook his head. "Dat was in de ole time," said he. "Miss Brittania too poor now."

"Does he belong to Miss Brittania?" said Patty.

"He belong to little missy to-day," said the man, bowing; "he come to carry her away!"

At this moment Patty caught a glimpse of her mother at the window, and she darted into the house to speak to her.

Mrs. Gray stood at the dining-room door, ready dressed for her drive. Her sweet face looked out so rosy and fresh from the black and gray garments she wore, that it was not very strange her eager little daughter should spring toward her, throw her arms about her, and cry out, —

"Oh, mamma! how I do love you!"

"Do you?" said Mrs. Gray, without stooping to kiss the loving child. "Patty, when I love anybody, I always try to do what they ask me."

Patty's eyes drooped under her mother's keen glance, and as they fell she saw that she had wet her feet on the frosty terrace, and the dust of the road had clung to them, while she stood petting the donkey. On aunt Anna's white velvet carpet were two muddy prints of the little girl's feet.

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, in dismay.

The Professor's wife loved the little girl, and

she forgot for a moment that a loving mother must sometimes pain a loving child.

"Don't mind, Sophie," she said; "kiss her all the same. It is cruel to keep her waiting. Chloe can wash it up."

"Cruel!" exclaimed Patty, who had never heard her mother blamed in her life, and thought this was the worst thing of all. "Cruel! Why aunt Anna, it is only what Jesus says! If I loved her enough, you know, I never *could* forget."

"Patty and I understand each other," said Mrs. Gray, cheerfully. "Wipe your feet now, Patty, or there will be some more of those shocking marks, and then come for your bread and milk."

As soon as Patty had eaten her bread and milk, her mother took her by the hand, and they went out to the donkey-cart. Mrs. Gray shook hands with the colored man, whom she called Lundy, and asked for Miss Britannia.

Then Patty was surprised to find, from some directions that her mother gave Lundy, that they were starting for Mount Vernon, and that they would not see Washington again until they came back from Richmond. She looked back at the



steps. The Professor's wife stood there with her happy baby in her arms, and Patty ran for a last kiss. The Professor had gone away the day before.

As soon as Mrs. Gray took the reins, the dark donkey started off at a brisk trot. Patty thought he went faster than the tall horse they used at Spring Vale. Her mother smiled at her surprise, and told her that donkeys were only stupid when they were abused.

It was a lovely morning. Over the tops of the trees the white balconies of the Capitol were gleaming, and the dark towers of the Smithsonian cut the clear blue sky, as the donkey turned away from the door. As they drove gayly down the wide avenue it seemed to Patty that everybody was in the street. She had no time to ask questions, for almost as soon as they started, Mrs. Gray said, —

"Patty, Miss Britannia is a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington. After I went to the Quaker Schools, yesterday, I took a carriage and went over to see her. When I remembered my own visit to Mount Vernon, it seemed to me very sad that you should go there and see only the

bare walls, where I had seen beautiful pictures, and vases, and queer furniture. I knew you would be disappointed, and it seemed to me that the only thing I could do was to show you the few things that are to be found in private houses in this neighborhood; and when you go to Arlington and Mount Vernon, your active little brain will have to carry the furniture back, and imagine how it looked."

"Thank you, mamma," said Patty; "but I thought that when the ladies bought Mount Vernon, they would keep it as it used to be, and it would always be nice."

"So it ought, Patty," said her mother, smiling a little at the child's dreary tone; "but it does not seem to be so; and Mr. Lossing says that when the war broke out, everything was carried away and hidden. I think all the furniture that was there when the place was bought should have remained. If the family had really loved the place, the ladies need not have bought it."

"The family don't love anything," said Patty. "It was General Lee himself that owned Arlington, and there wasn't a single Washington fighting for the North — was there, mamma?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray; "I believe not."

"How sad it seems!" said Patty, thoughtfully. "Can Washington know, mamma? It would make him so sad! for you know when the British came to his place and threatened it, and the man who had the care of it gave them some corn, he said he would rather hear that his house had been burned to the ground."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, "I remember; that was in 1781; and when the British came again in 1814, it was a granddaughter of Mrs. Washington that sheltered and fed them, and named her daughter Brittania for their sakes."

"Was that your Miss Brittania, mamma?" said Patty, in horror.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "she was a pupil of mine, when I lived in Georgetown. I thought I had better not see her when I found that she had lost her husband and young son in the rebellion; but when I called yesterday, and she heard of you, she was as tender and loving as if I were a Southern woman, and said at once that she would send the donkey for you."

"I thought Lundy called her *Miss* Brittania," said Patty.

"So he did," said Mrs. Gray; "the slaves always called their mistresses by the name they first knew; and Lundy was a slave."

"Mamma," said Patty, "I don't see how she could want to see me. Don't she know you hate slavery and rebels? Do these Southern women care for these things as we do, mamma?"

"For some things they care even more," said Mrs. Gray. "As we go farther South, you will have a chance to see for yourself. Women do most things with their whole hearts; and I don't suppose you love the North better than Miss Britannia loved Virginia; and she would not imagine that a little girl like you could possibly care for either; so keep as quiet as you can."

"Not care!" said Patty, starting up in her seat so suddenly that mamma caught at the little gray dress, to save her from going over,—"not care! Why, mamma, what do you mean?"

"I mean that Southern ladies do not talk to their little girls as papa and I talk to you, Patty, or as many mothers at the North talk to their children. Miss Britannia has one little daughter; you will see what she has to say."

They had crossed the bridge over "Rock Creek." In another moment the little cart had cut round the corner; and as the spirited little donkey rattled up the hill, Patty saw the gay peacocks, cut in the hedge at the corners of Colonel Washington's terrace.

Still up — up — a short run over the heights, and the donkey turned into a carriage drive. It ran over an ill-kept lawn, large, and well sprinkled with trees.

In a few moments they drew up before the house, — a long, low building, with a piazza about it, where there was room enough for two or three families to live comfortably together.

Patty thought it did not look very nice. The paint was washed away from the building in long, dingy streaks; the gates were off their hinges, and the paths through the little flower garden were covered with the fallen leaves.

The tidy little Patty said something about all this.

"It is the old Peters' place," said Mrs. Gray. "When I was a girl, I would not come here to visit, because the old lady was still living who had entertained the soldiers who came to burn

our cities. There used to be a story that a beautiful picture of Marie Antoinette, supposed to be burned in the Senate Chamber, could be found in one of the old lady's rooms; but I never came to see. As to the rest, Patty, if the war had come as near to Spring Vale, it might have looked very much like this."

"No, indeed!" said Patty, stoutly. "Papa would have nailed up the hinges before ever one came off, and Willie and I would have swept up the dead leaves."

Mrs. Gray put her finger on her lip. "Not a word to hurt Miss Brittanña," said she; "let us see if we cannot be as courteous as these Southern ladies."

Before mamma could throw the reins to a little colored boy who came round the corner of the house, the door opened, and a lady, dressed in some soft, but coarse black woollen cloth, came forward. Her dress hung close to her figure, and that was commanding. Her hair was plentiful, but streaked with gray; and a loose shawl gave a certain dignity to a dress which was not perfectly whole, and showed, by whitish spots here and there, that the lady who wore it had been in the kitchen.

Patty's quick little eye took this all in in a moment. "Mamma would not have been caught in a dirty gown," she thought to herself, but watched Miss Britannia none the less.

The lady came close to the carriage, and Patty saw that a face once handsome was deeply marked by sorrow, and at this moment stained by tears.

"It is so kind of you, Sophie," she said, in clear, even tones, seeming to forget all that had passed since they had been girls together.

"I have brought you my little girl, Britannia," said Mrs. Gray, cheerfully; "and when her little feet are really on the piazza where Washington often sat, I am afraid she will vanish like a sky-rocket."

A gleam of pleasure darted out of the fine dark eyes, and Miss Britannia turned to speak to the little girl; but, half in shyness, half in mischief, Patty had slipped out of the wagon on the other side, and stood patting the donkey, impatient for a basket of thistles, which the colored boy had set down just beyond its reach.

The bright eyes commanded her, without a word, and Patty put her hand cordially into

the lady's, and followed her into a wide hall, and then through a glazed door, into a little parlor. There was very little furniture. An old spider-legged piano stood opposite the door, and above it a large picture of a lady and two children, in a dim and very narrow frame.

The lady was seated; her brown hair was rolled back over a cushion, and tied prettily with a ribbon; a few roses nestled in her bosom, and her brocaded dress fell back from a white satin petticoat. At her feet sat a little girl, with her lap full of roses, and a boy, but very little older, stood on one side, offering his mother a bird, perched upon his wrist. There was a bright flow of silk and satin, flowers and ribbon, in the picture that would have delighted any little girl; but the most wonderful thing about it was, that the children were so like each other and their mother, that it seemed as if the three pictures had been painted from one face.

"Oh!" said Patty, as the lady opened the door, and the winter sun shone on the broad canvas,— "oh! I thought it was Miss Brittania; but it isn't. I know that picture, mamma; it is Lady Washington — isn't it?"



Miss Britannia and Mrs. Gray looked at each other.

"The Dandridge look holds well," said Mrs. Gray; but before she could say any more, Patty spoke.

"Is it really yours?" she said, looking up to her mother's friend; "how beautiful it is! But I am glad I did not live then. I would just as lief be starched as wear all that silk and satin, and I could not give thistles to the donkey with all that lace. But what did mamma say Dandridge for?"

"That was Lady Washington's name before she married," said the lady; and she turned away from Patty, and asked Mrs. Gray if she would sit on the sofa. "It is rather hard," she said, with a sad smile; "we sent all the cushions to the hospitals."

"Was anybody sick you loved?" said Patty, below her breath; for she had never once thought of the Southern ladies as working for the war.

"We loved all those who fought for us," the lady said, with gentle dignity; and little Patty flushed a rosy red. She was afraid she had

hurt Miss Brittania, and she turned again to the picture.

"I guess Mrs. Washington was pretty fashionable," she said to herself, "and I don't believe I'd ever like her."

The last words were spoken almost aloud. Miss Brittania heard them where she sat.

"You are mistaken about that," she said; "you would have liked her very much; all the children did, and the General kept open house for children. My grandmother called Mount Vernon Liliput Castle, because there were so many little people there."

"Thank you," said Patty; and just as she spoke the door opened, and a little girl, only a year or two older than herself, came in. She carried a tray, with some glasses of cold water upon it, and some slices of new gingerbread.

"She had been baking it for us," thought Patty, "and I was so mean, I only thought of the flour on her dress."

The lady made no apologies. "We are rather proud of our spring," she said, as the child offered the tray to Mrs. Gray; and then she said, "This is my only daughter. We have no

servants now. Lundy and two or three of his boys hang round the place, but we wait upon ourselves."

"That is best," said Mrs. Gray; for she knew that Miss Britannia did not ask for sympathy.

On the piano, under the picture, was a sword. Patty was looking at it carefully. It had been cleaned lately, but she could see that it was very old.

"Was it Washington's?" she said, creeping close to her mother.

Mrs. Gray looked at her friend, who started a little, and said, —

"Yes; he left it to my grandfather, and told him to use it to defend his country. 'Keep it unsheathed,' he said. 'Fall on it, or with it, rather than yield it to the enemy.' My son died with it in his hand."

"Did he mean Virginia, when he said his country?" asked Patty, innocently.

"*We* thought so," answered the lady.

Patty had eaten her gingerbread with relish, for the early drive in the cold air had made her hungry. Now she looked up at the little girl, who mutely offered her a glass of water.

The child's face was still more like Lady Washington's than her mother's. Her dress was scanty and patched, but her long brown hair shone, and her hands were very soft and clean. "I should know she was a lady," was what Patty said to herself.

In another moment she looked up at her mother, and said, —

"Would it hurt Miss Britannia if I told her what I think?"

Poor mamma! but she had not time to be distressed. The beautiful Southern courtesy was all there, ready to help.

"I am sure you could not hurt me, my dear little girl. What is it that you think?" answered the lady.

Patty paused a moment; she wanted to be sure of her words; and then she said, —

"Mamma says Washington was a 'gift of God,' and that I ought to love him very much; but I never did like him. I used to hate the story about the hatchet, at school. Any boy could have done that; and a great many men could have fought all those battles. Can't you tell me something better?"

A beautiful smile flashed over the lady's face.

"I suppose you and Willie would tell papa the truth as quickly as George Washington," she said, "and no one talks about it when you do. The story of the hatchet used to be told to *our* little children because the General grew up so much more true than other men. See if this is something better. After he went to Mount Vernon to live, he raised wheat and tobacco on his farm. There was a little wharf by the river-side, and there he marked his crops, and vessels came and carried them away to the West Indies. When they got there — after the very first — they were never looked at. The British officers valued them by the General's own mark."

"Oh, that *is* nice," said Patty; "he must have been good a long while, to be trusted like that."

"Tell her more," said Mrs. Gray, taking her friend's hand; and she drew Britannia's handsome child to her own knee.

A strange look passed over the lady's face. She hesitated a moment, and then said, —

"Do you like General Grant?"

Patty colored. A bright light shone in her

eyes, and she looked at the little girl on her mother's knee.

"I like General Lee," said the child.

"And I like General Grant," said Patty, softly, but hesitating no longer.

The lady smiled. "I have heard a great many things about Grant that make me think of Washington," she said. "Now I will tell you a story about Washington that will make you think of Grant. When the General went to live at Mount Vernon, he went to a little country church. It was a shabby little place, about seven miles from his house, and in a little while the people wanted a new one. Some of them wanted to build another in the same spot; but Washington said, no! that the church ought to be moved about two miles, for it stood so far from some of the people's homes as to make it quite unfair. Then he drew a map of the whole country, just as he used to do when he was a surveyor. He put down all the houses, and marked the spot where the new church ought to be. The people were very much excited about the change. The church stood in a little graveyard, and a Mr. Mason came to the meet-

ing which was to decide it all, and made a grand speech about the 'graves of their forefathers.' Washington went up to the table, and said not a word; he only laid down his map. That settled it!"

"Thank you!" said Patty, earnestly; "that was just like Grant." She was silent a few moments, looking with wonder at the lady; then she said, —

"I don't believe I could be as good as you are. If I had known a pretty story about Stonewall Jackson, I don't believe I would have told it. Mayn't I kiss your little girl?"

At that moment a boy's voice shouted, "Sister!" The little thing dropped off Mrs. Gray's knee, and was gone.

## CHAPTER IV.

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

"WHAT is your daughter's name?" said Patty, the moment the door closed.

"It is Martha Dandridge," said Britannia, smiling; "but we call her Matty."

"May I go and find her?" said Patty; and in a moment more she was running toward the barn.

"Matty! Matty!" cried Patty. And then, before anybody could answer, she saw a pretty sight.

Matty had carried out some of the warm gingerbread to the two boys. They were eating it with so much pleasure, that Patty thought they did not have it very often. Matty had not eaten her slice. She was feeding the donkey with it; and when Patty drew near, she saw that there were tears in the little girl's eyes.



"What is the matter?" she asked.

The little girl looked up with a smile. "It is only that I'm so silly," she said. "This was my donkey; so mamma kept it to the very last, and it is to be sold to-morrow, because we cannot feed it."

"It's a beauty," said Patty. "Where did you get it?"

"General Lee gave it to me," said the child; "it came from Spain. Mamma tried hard to keep it. I must not tell, but she even sold some silver to buy him food last winter. Now Lundy is going, and poor Frisky must be sold. Don't *you* like General Lee?"

"I will like him a *little* for that," said Patty. "Is he a relation of yours?"

"He married mamma's cousin," said the child, drying her tears; "but I have not seen him for a long while."

"I suppose I like him as well as you like General Grant," said Patty, slowly; "but we can both like Washington."

The little girl brightened at once. "Oh, yes!" she said; "but I thought you didn't like him very much. Mamma always talks to us

about Washington. She staid at Mount Vernon with Judge Washington a long while ago."

"I should have been afraid of the General," said Patty, "he was so formal and stern. Only think of his never shaking hands with people when they came to see him!"

The little girl laughed. "Why, that was only when there was a crowd," she said. "He used to *kiss* grandmother; and as long as she lived she kept a little worked handkerchief, that he once used to wipe away her tears."

Patty stood silent, watching the donkey. She was not quite conquered; there was a good deal in her little heart that she was not willing to pour out.

"If I thought you would like it, I would show you something," said the child.

"I am sure I should," said Patty. "I like to see every thing, even ugly things."

"Come away, then," said Matty; but the moment she started, the boys shouted, "Sister! sister!" and began to clamor for more gingerbread.

"Why don't those boys call you Matty?" said Patty, when her little friend had divided the last slice of gingerbread between the two.

"They are my brothers," the child said, astonished.

"But my brother calls me Patty," persisted the little Yankee.

"That isn't our way," said the child, drawing herself up. "I am the only sister my brothers have; but if they had ever so many, I should always be "sister," if I were the oldest. Perhaps they would call the rest by their names. I have heard mamma say it was an English fashion."

While Patty was wondering why little girls at the South should be any more English than little girls at the North, they drew near a ruined summer-house. Matty gave a proud look at Patty. "Now you will wish you were me," said she, and stooped down to drag out a drawer that was under the rickety seat. When the drawer was out, she plunged her hand into the space behind it, and pulled out a rusty tin box.

Patty opened it, and inside she saw three little books bound in green leather:

"What are they?" said she, looking very much disappointed.

"They were Washington's very own," said

the child, her eyes sparkling; "he wrote them all himself."

"But what did you hide them for?" persisted Patty. "What a strange place!"

"It was when we went away to papa before Richmond was taken," said Matty. "Mamma called us up to her chamber, and gave us each something that had been the General's. One of the boys had a seal, and the other a ring; but *I* begged for these. I like to read over the pages, and think how nice it would have been to live at Mount Vernon, and be Washington's little girl! They were too heavy to carry; so I hid them here; for I told mamma if I did not die, I would surely come back."

Patty stood looking at the books in a bewildered kind of way. "Sit down," said her little friend, and let me show you all about it." The two children sat down together on some dry leaves. The summer-house looked damp, and the leaves lay in the winter sun.

Matty opened her book, and showed Patty pages covered with writing, drawings, plans of buildings, ornamental letters, and so on.

The three little books were Washington's

memorandum books, which he used to carry in his pocket. They were long and narrow, and still fastened by pencils that he had used.

The first thing that caught Patty's eye was a little pencil sketch of three fat babies with wings, playing with wreaths of roses. Underneath, in the General's writing, was one word — *Cipriani*. Patty pointed to it, and said, "What does that mean?"

"I believe it was the name of the gentleman who drew it," said Martha. "The General could never draw like that. He had four such pictures painted on his coach, beside the raven on the door. He called those little Cupids 'Spring,' and said he had those to please the little children that rode in it."

"Was it a handsome coach?" said Patty.

"Yes," said Martha; "mamma says that the General liked handsome things quite as well as the lady. See here," she added, turning over a leaf; "here is the copy of an order he sent to London when he was going to be married." Patty looked over the little girl's shoulder, and read aloud, —

"*Busts.* One of Alexander the Great, another

of Julius Cæsar, another of Charles XII., of Sweden, and a fourth of the King of Prussia. Two other busts of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough, somewhat smaller.

"2 *wild beasts*, not to exceed twelve inches in height, nor eighteen in length."

How the children laughed at the *wild beasts*!

"What could he want them for?" said Patty.

"Did you ever see them?"

"I don't believe he ever got them," said Matty.

"Mamma thinks they were not to be had of the size he wanted; for none of the family have them, and mamma never knew anybody who had seen them."

"I don't think he needed wild beasts if he got all those fighting men," said Patty; "but perhaps he had them just as we have dogs and lions now."

"And isn't a lion a wild beast?" said Martha; and then both the children laughed again, for they had been thinking of tigers and hyenas. Then Patty said, —

"How stiff his writing looks! It isn't a bit like John Hancock's."

"I don't know anything about John Han-

cock," said Martha; "but I know the reason the General wrote so stiffly. He always used a gold pen, and mamma has one of them. It won't make a bit of a mark."

"A gold pen!" said Patty—"so long ago! Why, my mamma always wrote with a quill till after I was born. I did not know they had them of gold then."

"I don't know who made them," said Martha; "perhaps it was his notion. You know he made lots of things;" and the little girl turned over a page, and showed a drawing.

"General Washington invented that," said she, "and he set the fashion, too, for everybody in Philadelphia used it."

It was a picture of something that looked like a bottle-basket, made in fine silver wire.

"Isn't it a *caster*?" said Patty, looking puzzled. Martha looked puzzled, too.

"Perhaps you mean a *stand for casters*?" said she; but Patty could not explain. Then they said they would go to mamma.

The donkey was still munching his thistles at the barn door, the boys had gone, and the two children ran up the lawn, and burst into the little

parlor, crying out, "Mamma, what is a caster?" "Mamma, is a caster a bottle?" before either of them saw that Miss Britannia's eyes were red with weeping, and that her head lay upon Mrs. Gray's shoulder. She could not recover herself to answer her little Martha; but Mrs. Gray said, —

"Yes, Martha; a caster is a bottle."

"But, mamma," said Patty, in dismay, "I never heard of a 'stand of casters' in my life. I am sure we always ask for the caster, when we want the pepper, at home."

"A cruet is a *caster*," said Mrs. Gray, "because it scatters or *casts* seasoning into your plate. For convenience we put several cruets into one frame, which we call a *stand*. If we speak properly, Patty, we ask for *the casters*."

"I never did speak properly, then," said Patty, with a pout; and then Martha Dandridge showed how a little lady should behave. She came forward quickly, and said not a word more. She did not seem in the least set up because she was right and Patty wrong; but she laid her little book in Mrs. Gray's lap, and said, "Perhaps you would like to know what we were talking about?"



"Oh, the *'coaster!'*" said Miss Britannia, looking up. "The General made that himself to hold his wine-bottles. The wine-cooler was too heavy; but this ran about the table so fast, stopping for a moment here and there, that it put people in mind of a little sloop."

"How came he to care about his wine?" said Patty, "when he had so much to do?"

But before anybody could answer, she had turned over a leaf, and began to read out, —

*"I suit of fashionable clothes,  
I silver-laced hat,  
I small Bible" —*

"Stop," said Miss Britannia; "let us begin at the beginning; for this little book really tells a good deal, if we look at it closely."

The first thing they turned to was an order for clothing; for the "nicest velvet," for "fine-worked ruffles;" for a "compleat set" of shoe brushes, and for six prs of the "very neatest shoes."

"I guess he wanted to make himself fine," said Patty.

"That was before he was married," said Miss Britannia, smiling; "you see he wanted to please the ladies."

"Everything must be of the best," said Mrs. Gray, "and 'compleat;' but he was prudent, too. Six pairs of shoes were very few for a man in his position."

"Turn over, please," said Martha.

They turned over. On the next page was an order for some chairs, and it was curious to see how precise were all the measurements, so that the seats of the new chairs should fit some old frames.

"I should call him a Betty," said Patty.

"No," said Miss Brittonia; "he did everything precisely and thoroughly, but he was not a bit fussy. You think he did not like children; but when his wife's children died, he adopted two grandchildren for his own. Wasn't it because he loved them? And see here—"

Miss Brittonia turned the leaf, and read,—

"1 *fashionable doll, price 1 guinea.*

1 *ditto, at 5 shillings.*

1 *box gingerbread, sugar images, and comfits.*

6 *handsome egrets.*"

"Those were for his little girl."

"What are comfits and egrets?" said Patty.

"Comfits are merely dried fruits, or sugared nuts," said Mrs. Gray. "The word comes from a Latin word, which means to preserve, or prepare. There is a bird called an egret. It is a kind of heron, and wears a plume on its head. I suppose that plume gave the name to the little tufts that ladies wear in the same way."

Martha listened eagerly to Mrs. Gray.

"You see how kind he was," she said to Patty, who did not seem quite satisfied.

"I see he gave them things," said Patty, obstinately; "but did he take them up in his lap, and pet them, and tell them stories? I should like that better."

Everybody laughed at little Patty; but no one could answer her question.

"Washington was very generous," said Miss Britannia. "He gave them all they wanted, and it was of the best kind—fine clothes, books, candy, and so on; nothing was forgotten. And all these things were to be packed in two strong trunks, each trunk to be marked with the name of the owner."

The next thing that Patty saw, as Miss Britannia slowly turned over the pages, was a picture

of something that looked like a covered cup. Her mother told her that was the pulpit in Pohick Church—the little country church, that was moved two miles, to satisfy his idea of what was right.

Beside this, there were a great many queer drawings of the letters G. W. Mrs. Gray called them monograms. A monogram is a drawing of two or three letters with one stroke of the pen. Washington was very fond of making monograms. He made them for his own plate, china, and letter paper, and then he made them for the ladies of his acquaintance. They worked them into their linen, in a great many beautiful colors, or in soft, white stitches, and never allowed anybody to forget that the great General had made them.

"It looks just like a child's scrabbling," said Patty, as they lingered over the page of G. W's.

Then Miss Britannia got up, and went across the room, to the old-fashioned piano. She took a big bunch of keys from her belt, and unlocked a drawer in it, which had been made to hold sheets of music. She took a book out of this drawer, and brought it back to the sofa.

"Here is a book which belonged to George Washington when he was only twelve years old," said she, "and I reckon he liked to draw monograms even then."

Patty's eyes twinkled when she heard the word "reckon," but she looked eagerly at the book. It was a book of prayers, bound in common brown leather, and very carefully kept; but on the inside of the covers, and on the fly-leaf, were the names of Jane and Mary Washington, written several times, up and down and across. Then came the name of Augusta Washington, as Patty thought; but her mother showed her that it was *Augustine*, abbreviated, and then all over the covers were G. W's., scrawled in every sort of fashion; and in one place was a long flourish, shaped like a fish.

"Just for fun," Patty said.

"George Washington did all those things himself," said Miss Britannia, opening to the title-page. "His mother gave him the book, but I don't think he ever used it in any better way."

It was a book of morning and evening prayer. The edges of the leaves were colored red, and

when Patty tried to open them, she found that the book had never been used. The leaves clung to each other; many of them had never been opened since the edges were colored.

Patty pointed to the large sweep of the letter A, in Augustine Washington's name. The little boy had filled it up with a fanciful network.

"That is just like Willie," said she; "and I'm glad he didn't like those prayers; they look just as dry as can be."

"Did that book come from Mount Vernon lately?" said Mrs. Gray.

"No," said Miss Britannia. "This was Colonel George Washington's. Only half of the library was at Mount Vernon after Bushrod's time."

"Now, Patty," said her mother, "I suppose you see that Washington was once a little boy?"

Patty shook her head.

"But he was a queer little boy," she said. "See, mamma; he drew all over his prayer-book, but he didn't scabble. Every line went where he meant it should. Was that because he used a gold pen?"

Mrs. Gray and Miss Britannia laughed, and Matty put her little hand into her mother's pocket, and brought out an old-fashioned silver pencil-case. In one end of it was a heavy gold pen, with a sharp point, and a straight slit half an inch long. It did not look as if any one could write with it. In the other end was a bit of common lead pencil, sharpened in the short, old-fashioned way. There were no ever-pointed pencils then, and this was just as Washington had left it.

"Mamma put it in her pocket when the war began," said Martha, holding it up to Patty. "She never puts it away now."

"My mother gave it to me when I was a very little girl," said Miss Britannia. "I should not like to lose it. The day she gave it to me, I went down the river, with her and my uncle, in a boat that was built for Mount Vernon. It was a pretty row. The boat was painted black and red. The General chose his blackest men to row it, and dressed them in scarlet and gold."

Patty looked very sober. "I never could see how Washington could bear to keep slaves," said she.

Miss Britannia paused a moment, and then put out her foot and touched a stain in the carpet.

"Patty," said she, "that stain has been there a week. Next week I am going to take up the carpet. Would you try to wash it out to-day, or wait till the carpet is up?"

The little girl looked up in surprise. Why should Miss Britannia ask such a question of her? Had she forgotten what they were talking about.

Mrs. Gray smiled. "The floor is dusty," said she; "if you try to take it out now, perhaps you will make the spot worse."

"That was what Washington thought," said Miss Britannia. "We Southerners have suffered a great deal lately; but if Washington had tried to free the slaves in his time, we should have suffered a great deal more, and suffered it in vain. He had enough to do to settle the liberties of white people; but, Patty, he felt badly about it. Although he could do nothing about it, he said something would have to be done; but I did not think he was right. I was quite surprised when my own people went away. They were so good to me in the war! When I



could get no money, they hired themselves out, and brought me food and clothing. When things got a little better, they dropped away one by one, till I had only Lundy left. Now Lundy must go. I did not think *he* would leave me."

"Did *you* know, didn't Washington know, that the people wanted to be free?" said Patty.

"*I* did not know it," said Miss Britannia, her eyes slowly filling with tears, "any more than you know that your mamma would like to go away from you. The slaves at Mount Vernon were very proud and happy. They were kindly treated. My grandmother once heard the General say, just before he died, that the great bell had never been rung on the place to give notice of trouble. The General's people were proud of Lady Washington's beauty, of the silver on the table, of the guests, of the great crowd of strangers always coming and going. Washington had one hundred and twenty cows, yet he had to buy butter for his own table."

"Why, mamma!" said Patty, suddenly losing sight of the slaves, "how could he use it all?"

"A cow gives very little milk in Virginia," said Mrs. Gray; "grass is very poor. I never

shall forget how I missed the soft green turf when I first came South, nor how surprised I was when I heard my little pupils say that they did not like spring butter, and could not use cream on the table till after the yellow dandelions had all flown away on their downy wings."

"Why not, mamma?" said Patty.

"Because there is more wild garlic than grass everywhere," said Mrs. Gray, "and it spoils the milk."

Matty had been missing for some minutes. Now she came back, and said, gently, —

"Mamma, the hominy is ready."

"I cannot give you any dinner," said Miss Brittania, "but I will give you a lunch of hominy and milk; and, Patty, you may sit in a chair that was once George Washington's, and eat out of the very bowl that he used the last time he was in this house."

Patty gave Miss Brittania her hand with a hop, skip and jump.

## CHAPTER V.

## OVER THE FERRY.

AS soon as Patty had eaten her hominy out of a big Delf bowl that was almost as handsome as India china, and had a scaly green snake coiling round its rim, in a way that she did not at all like, mamma told her that she must put on her bonnet and sack, for they were to start for Arlington directly.

Mrs. Gray opened the door, and there stood the little donkey. In the cart were two warm, knotted rugs, such as are often found in Southern houses.

Miss Britannia's eyes were full of tears as she helped Patty and her mother to wrap the rugs round their feet.

"I shall never see Frisky again," she said, in a low voice, thinking it kinder that little Martha should not hear. "Lundy will carry him to

Alexandria; but I shall like to think that he did you a service on the way."

Then the two friends kissed each other, and Martha put up her lips and kissed Patty's hand; she could not reach her face. As she did so, she put a little roll of paper into the outside pocket of the gray sack. Patty thought it must be a paper of candy, and kissed her hand to the little girl as Frisky trotted off.

They went rapidly down the hill, turned into Bridge Street, and waited at the foot of Jefferson, for a little flat-bottomed ferry-boat.

The boat was on the other side of the river. Mrs. Gray waved her handkerchief, and the four colored boys, who were lying on their oars, held up their hands, and answered the signal.

While they waited, Patty began to look round. The gardens of some of the near houses sloped almost down to the river. One of these gardens had a brick wall round it, and the winter sun had been shining on it all the morning. Perhaps the bricks were warm. The wall ran down the bank close by the side of the donkey cart, as it stood waiting for the boat. Half a dozen little colored children were huddled to-

gether against the wall. They had hardly any clothing. All that Patty could see was something like a sack made of a coarse cloth, like that we make into sails.

The children looked white and cold. Patty thought of the candy little Martha had given her, and put her hand in her pocket. She would give some of it to the little children.

There was nothing in the stiff bit of paper. Patty was very much disappointed, and unrolled it carelessly. The first thing she saw was a large

*G. W.*

and then the name of George Washington, written in a boy's hand.

"Why, mamma," said Patty, with delight, "did Matty tear it out to give me? How good she was! How shall I ever thank her?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray, looking at the paper Patty held. "No; it was a loose bit. I remember seeing it as we turned over the leaves; it was very good of her."

Patty gave a shout, and, without thinking, read out the name loudly. "George Washington," she cried.

"Dat me, missis," squeaked out a shrill voice, almost at her knee,—"dat me. Missis got some clo'es? Missis please gib George Washington a warm coat?" Patty looked up, and saw the very thinnest and sickest-looking of the children leaning against the wheel.

As Mrs. Gray turned toward him, an old woman came forward. She was bent and feeble—not much taller than a child of ten. She had been hidden behind a pile of bricks before the boy spoke.

"We all know de Yankee lady," she said, bending low. "For de bressed Lord's sake, jis one old flannel, missis."

She wore no better clothing than the children, and Mrs. Gray could hardly bear the sight. "Where did you come from?" she asked, kindly.

"Down de ribber, missis—yes, missis, down de ribber; used to be house-servant in de Judge's time; nobody to care for me since. Come here for work, missis, when Massa Lincoln free de folks. Cold, missis, cold!"

The old creature shook so that it made Mrs. Gray's heart ache. She gave Patty the reins,

and, tearing a leaf out of her pocket-book, wrote an order on it.

"Take that," said she, "and go in to General Howard. He will see that you and the children have food and clothes; but I did not come for that now, aunty. I am going through the schools."

"De bressed Lord lub de sweet face!" said the old woman, hobbling away.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Gray; "that isn't a pleasant beginning — is it, Patty?"

Patty's eyes were wide open. This was a little like what she had come to see. She was still gazing up the street after the dusky group.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, "did the children we saw in the schools ever look like that?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray; "there is no place where the colored people are more intelligent or better to do than in Washington. There have always been a good many free negroes there."

"But, mamma," said Patty, "where did poor Lucy come from?"

"From Mount Vernon," said Mrs. Gray, "but not lately."

Patty looked very much grieved.

"Why didn't they take care of her, mamma? So old and so poor! Did they sell her away?"

Mrs. Gray could not tell. She only shook her head. She could not help thinking that the people who had been careless about Washington's own grave would be still less likely to care for his people.

"She must have been born before Washington died?" said Patty, looking up at her mother.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, answering the question in her little girl's voice.

"Didn't they ever do any spring cleaning at Mount Vernon?" said Patty, soberly.

"Spring cleaning!" said Mrs. Gray.

"I just think it is time that carpet was taken up!" said Patty. "If there is anybody named Washington in the world, why don't he take care of aunt Lucy?"

This was a question Mrs. Gray could not answer. She leaned over, and took the reins out of Patty's hands, for she saw the little boat nearing the landing; and in a moment more one of the boys came forward, and led the donkey down to the "flat," which was pushed up against the bank.



A good many children would have felt a little fear. The cart seemed heavy, and the donkey very obstinate; the boat looked small and shabby. But Patty never questioned: she had such faith in her mother, that she could always follow where mamma led. The water was a little rough: there was a tossing easterly wind, and it blew directly across the current. There were two men and two barefooted boys to row the boat. The boys had their ragged pants rolled up above their knees; and as soon as the little cart was safely on board, they went into the clay bank with their bare legs, and pushed off the flat.

It made Patty shiver. The bank had been frozen the night before, and, although the boys trod it down as if it were soft, it was hardly thawed. Patty could see the sparkling needles of ice, running through and through.

"Doesn't it make you sick to do so?" she said, as the boys threw themselves in, half under the wheels, dripping with water.

The only answer was a laugh, merry enough, that showed some white teeth.

"You can't do it all winter?" said Patty, anxiously.

"Why didn't they take care of her, mamma? So old and so poor! Did they sell her away?"

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It made Patty shiver. The ice had been frozen the night before and although the boys trod it down as if it were soft it was hardly thawed. Patty could see the sparkling patches of ice, running through and through.

"Doesn't it make you sick to do so?" said Ned, as the boys threw themselves in, half under the wheels, dripping with water.

The only answer was a laugh, merry enough, that showed some white teeth.

"You can't do it all winter?" said Ned anxiously.

"No, we don't run all winter," said the boy; "nobody wants to go over."

By this time they were out in the stream. Looking up the river, Patty saw the pretty arches of the Aqueduct Bridge; looking down, she saw the Long Bridge, over which so many thousand troops marched to the front during the rebellion.

"I should like to have gone over it, mamma," said Patty, pointing over the blue water.

"So should I," said Mrs. Gray, "only it would have taken us too long. We must have gone back to the foot of Capitol Hill, and we shall find Lundy waiting for Frisky on the other bank."

It was very fortunate for Patty — indeed, it is fortunate for us all — that God has made us capable of enjoying so many things.

Patty's tender heart had ached for poor aunt Lucy, and was even now worried over the bare legs and clay-colored lips of her little boatmen; but her eyes caught the distant turrets of the Capitol — the fretty, foamy line of the river breaking away from the Little Falls. She saw the deep cut out of which Rock Creek poured

its dark water, and the high banks of the Virginia shore. Over all gleamed the winter sun, out of an arch clear as sapphire, and pointed with light.

Through all this beauty, the little child felt her heavenly Father's love. Perplexed by the sight of poverty that she could not relieve, and of sickness that she knew not how to heal, she could carry both, in her heart and thought, to that dear Friend, and trust Him to give riches and health, at the right moment, to every one of His children. Her little eyes were so charmed and busy, that she started when she felt the boat "thud" heavily against the opposite bank.

"Is this Arlington?" she cried, coming suddenly to herself.

"No," said Mrs. Gray; "this is Mason's Island. Beyond the farther bank there is a bridge; and when we have crossed that, we shall be on the Arlington road."

They waited for the boy to lead the donkey ashore; and then he stood with his ragged hat, waiting to be paid.

Mrs. Gray took a small piece of money out of her purse, and held it up to him.

"That is enough, I suppose?" she said, questioning.

The boy shook his head, and drew back his hat.

"Did you never take anybody across for that?" she said.

"Yes, missus; we tuk a woman and a picaninny over dis morning. But they were poor; it was all they had."

"And what if this were all I had?" said Mrs. Gray, smiling.

The boy scratched his head, and then shook it again.

"Don' look likely," said he, smiling back.

Mrs. Gray laughed, and took out fifty cents.

"Well," said she, "there is double your due. When you come across another picaninny, don't take away its mother's last cent."

"No, missus."

"Mamma," said Patty, who had been watching the boy, and was delighted to find him so honest and so shrewd, "mamma, why didn't you give him a dollar?"

"Because I want to give a little to a great many people," said her mother; "and a very

little, unexpectedly received, is a great encouragement."

"Was there a ferry here when you were a little girl?" said Patty, as her mother took the reins.

"No, my dear; everybody in this neighborhood kept a boat then, just as we should keep a carriage. You remember about Washington's barge?"

"Yes, mamma, and I could not help thinking that perhaps aunt Lucy's own father was one of the *very* black men who rowed him up and down. How very black she was, mamma!"

Mrs. Gray did not answer. She was guiding the donkey up the steep bank beyond the bridge; then she turned his head toward Long Bridge.

"Are you going back?" said Patty.

"No," said mamma; "but we are a little early. Lundy will not be at the house, and I have time to show you the famous spring."

They kept along the bank between the great canal and the river. Although it was so late in the year, the grass was green, and very soon they came into a grove of fine old oaks

that made Patty think of those at Duddington House.

"Don't you believe Pocahontas saw these?" she whispered to her mother, as if half afraid that Willie was near enough to laugh.

"Yes, indeed!" said her mother; "and John Smith, and Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Calvert. When I was young, I used to dream little romances about this pretty spot. I thought it very likely that Sir Walter had spread his cloak here for some young and pretty squaw, as well as across the water for the Maiden Queen. You know he named Virginia for her, and sent her back a present from the new land. What do you think it was?"

"Tobacco—wasn't it, mamma?"

"That was half of it," said Mrs. Gray, smiling; then, seeing that Patty still looked puzzled, she added,—

"Can you tell me what Queen Elizabeth used to have for dinner?"

"Beef and beer," said Patty, as if it were just on the end of her tongue.

"Didn't she have any vegetables?" said her mother.



"Turnips and parsnips, and beets, I believe," said Patty. "She didn't have any potatoes. Somebody told me that."

"And yet Sir Walter Raleigh sent her some from Virginia," said her mother.

"Why, mamma," said Patty, "I thought potatoes came from Peru. I am sure Miss May told me that the Incas had gardens for them, and used to water them in the dry seasons."

"That is true, too," said her mother; "but Sir Walter Raleigh sent the first potatoes to England from this very spot, or rather from Virginia; and tradition says, from this broad field. The Indians used them. I shouldn't wonder if Pocahontas had roasted many a potato on this very spot."

"Mamma," said Patty, "are you sure they were not sweet potatoes?"

"Why, Patty!" said her mother, clapping her hands.

Patty could not tell whether her mother was pleased or not; and she went on, very fast, to say, "Why, mamma, they never grow wild here now — do they?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray; "and I was pleased

with what you said, because I have often thought it myself, and there are better reasons for it than you know."

As she spoke, the donkey turned under a rocky bank; and, from beneath the roots of a great oak, Patty saw a bright spring gushing out.

"It is full of iron," said her mother. "Now you may fancy Pocahontas roasting sweet potatoes for John Smith, and I will tell you the whole story as we sit here."

Patty lifted her eyes to the broad branches of the oak, and took a look at the clear blue sky, as well as the grassy bank. Then her mother said, —

"When Sir Walter Raleigh came to Virginia, a very bright man came with him, and when Raleigh sent his first potatoes to the Queen, this man, Thomas Harriott, sent home an account of them. He said they were round, tied together as if with ropes, and good for food either boiled or roasted. The Indians called them *oppenok*, which is the very name the Indians gave them in Peru also."

"Mamma," said Patty, "are sweet potatoes round?"

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Gray; "your papa once planted some near Boston, and they came up round, white potatoes."

"Did they turn white for Queen Elizabeth?" said the little girl, laughing.

"I don't know," said her mother; "perhaps so; but they are always wet and waxy when they do. A few years after, in 1597, Lord Burleigh's gardener, Jean Gerarde, who had grown to be a great botanist, and had a fine garden at Holborn, published a book about plants, and called it a 'Herbal.' It was a very large book, and among other things, there was in it a picture of the *oppenok*. He said it had been sent to him from Virginia, and he thought it nice 'preserved in sugar.' He advised people to eat it 'sopped in wine,' and said that, to give the roots the 'greater grace in eating,' 'they should be boiled with prunes.'"

"Oh, mamma," said Patty, "he must have meant sweet potato. You know aunt Clara used to send it to us looking just like Chinese *chou-chou*, from Mobile. He never could have stewed white potatoes with prunes. How did the picture look? What was it like, mamma?"

"I was very young when I saw the book," said her mother. "I had never seen a sweet potato then."

"Mamma," said Patty, "if they were *oppenok*, what do we call them potatoes for?"

"From the Spanish name *batata*," said her mother; "and that is really the name of the sweet potato which they took from the Mexican Indians; *battatin* is their name for white potato."

"How it's all mixed up!" said Patty, in disgust.

"All human knowledge is," said her mother, laughing merrily at Patty's indignant tone.

"What do we call 'em *Irish* potatoes for?" said Patty,

"Because for many years the best grew there, Sir Walter having sent some to the grandfather of Sir Robert Southwell. Potatoes had been planted in Spain long before, but no one in England knew anything about them. When Sir Walter Raleigh's gardener raised them, he tasted some of the little green balls that hold the seed, and he was very much vexed to think he had taken so much pains to raise such bitter things."

"Why, mamma," said Patty, "that was like

the old lady in New Hampshire, who boiled the tea leaves, and dropped eggs on them, and served them up with pepper and salt, for greens ! Was it long, mamma, before the poor people got them to eat ? ”

“ A great while, Patty, before rich or poor could have them. At first they were raised for the oddity of it ; and then there was a great deal of prejudice against them. The French people never planted them at all, until a time of famine forced them to try anything they could get.”

“ Mamma,” said Patty, suddenly, “ are those some old sheds there among the trees ? ”

“ I rather think,” said Mrs. Gray, “ that they are what is left of a kitchen and dancing-room, that Mr. Custis once built for the picnic parties, that came here before the war. I told you once, Patty, that I did not like him very much ; but he loved to talk about his early days, and was kind to those who would listen. When I lived in Washington, I used to come over here, now and then, for a day’s pleasure. When Mr. Custis saw a nice-looking party here, he would send down his servants with the old silver pitch-

ers and trays that Washington once used. His servants were a good deal like himself, and had caught many of his pompous ways. One day I came over with my old friend Colonel Totten, and a party of ladies and gentlemen; Mr. Custis's body servant Charles came down to wait on us, and he brought the General's big silver waiter. I am afraid we should have thought it very ugly, if it had not been solid silver. It was very plain, with a straight beaded rim, and two strong handles. Charles put some ices on it, and brought it first to me, because I sat by the Colonel. 'My lady,' said he, 'this was the great General's tray, and, fifty years ago, he would have filled your glass himself from it, as he did for all the rest.' I don't know what came over me, Patty, but I felt as you sometimes do. I rose and pressed my lips to the edge of the tray. Then all the other young ladies had to do the same; and we heard afterwards that it pleased Mr. Custis very much, and grew into a habit with the visitors."

Patty's eyes had been wandering, although they shone very bright while mamma was telling this story. Now she said, —

"Mamma, there couldn't be a lovelier place, and poor General Lee has lost it forever."

"Yes," said her mother; "the graves of our soldiers hold it for us. You saw General Washington's great tent at the Patent Office, the other day, Patty. It used to be at Arlington, and was often spread just behind those oaks."

"When he was a young man, Mr. Custis was very fond of his farm, and raised a great many sheep. He was very anxious to have the best mutton and the best wool; so once a year, in early May, he would gather all his friends among the farmers and wool-merchants, and have what he called a 'sheep-shearing.' Then the big tent was stretched yonder, and sometimes two hundred people would sit down to dinner under it; and the soft grass was dotted with hundreds of lambs."

"Oh, mamma," said Patty, "how I wish I could have come then! But look; mamma, where have those women come from?"

There were two women filling their pails at the spring. Mrs. Gray spoke to them, and asked if there were any houses near.

"Dere's de free village," said one of the women.

"That is a long way," said Mrs. Gray; "do you have to come here for water?"

"Dis is kind o' sweet," said the woman; "I'se use to dis. When my ole man alive I have dis all de time."

The women shouldered their pails and walked away. Patty saw that they did not wait to look at her mother, like the people in Georgetown.

Mrs. Gray said a stranger was nothing new at Arlington; a great many people went there during the war.

Then she told Patty to take a last look at the Spring, and turned the donkey's head.

The little cart followed the women as they went singing up the hill.

"Patty," said Mrs. Gray, a minute after, "did I ever tell you who planted the first potato in New England?"

"No, mamma."

"It was Martha Buckminster, some time between 1726 and 1751, in Framingham. It was so little while ago, that I have known her



grandchildren all my life. Half a dozen were given her as a present."

"And no potatoes before then!" said Patty, with a shout; "wasn't that a queer time to live in!"

## CHAPTER VI.

## UP THE HILL.

"**M**AMMA," said Patty, as Frisky, somewhat tired with his long journey, began to creep up the hill toward Arlington, — "mamma, what was Miss Britannia's name?"

"I thought I would not tell you," said Mrs. Gray, thoughtfully. "Miss Britannia is a private person, but her husband and son are well known as leaders in this sad rebellion. You will want to talk about her, and it will be just as well to call her Miss Britannia, as old Lundy does."

"Yes, mamma," said Patty, just as if she did not hear. She had turned round in the donkey cart, and her eager eyes rested on the beautiful river and the snowy outlines of the Capitol. The road to Arlington is a climb all the way, and every step the tired donkey took gave Patty a new glimpse of beauty.

Mrs. Gray watched her silently. There was nothing very pleasant to look at near by. As soon as the beautiful oaks had been left behind, the road grew broken and dusty. The fences were down; some of the oak trees had been felled to feed the camp fires.

Mrs. Gray touched Patty at last, and drew her attention to these things.

"These are the traces of the war," she said. "You used to think you would like to see them, Patty."

"But I don't, mamma," Patty said, with a troubled look. "How the cart jerks about! What makes it?"

"These heavy, half-frozen ruts were left by the army wagons," said her mother. "Do you see that burnt fence running back to the grove? Some soldiers made a camp fire there. Those bits of charcoal basket-work are pieces of the old summer-houses that Mr. Custis was so proud of."

"What a shame!" said Patty; "that was just because they were so lazy. See that old oak, mamma! they have just chipped off a little of the bark. Why, that tree would have fed their fires for ages and ages!"

Mrs. Gray smiled. "Look a little farther up the hill," she said. "There was once a hedge of fig trees; don't you see it is cut up wantonly? They couldn't even burn that wood."

"Isn't fig-wood good for anything?" said Patty.

"No," said her mother. "It is a wood that insects do not eat. You cannot burn it or build with it; but the old Egyptians made their mummy cases of it, and it has not decayed."

"Wasn't that because of the spices?" said Patty.

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Gray; "the wood is so soft and spongy, it would take in the odor easily."

At that moment Patty spied a rusty canteen and an open knapsack. She pointed to them silently. Out of the mouth of the knapsack an old rag fluttered in the wind. Patty could see that it was stained with blood; and the empty houses that they were passing made her think of all that had happened on those clayey fields.

Soon after this the road grew smoother. The fields were still green, but the trees were bare,

and, although neglected, the fences were whole and trusty.

Mamma pointed out two houses to Patty, as the donkey crept up the hill. They seemed to be inhabited, but they looked very dreary. They had been owned by two gentlemen, enemies of the United States, but who had never taken up arms, or done the rebels any service. Still, kind President Lincoln and sturdy General Grant thought they ought to be watched; and all through the war, sentinels paced up and down before the two doors, and the two families were kept prisoners within their own decaying houses and desolate gardens.

Patty looked at the two houses, and thought she had never seen anything so miserable in all her life.

"What did they do all the time?" she said. "Did they have any books to read? Why didn't they mend their fences, and whiten the barns, and tie up the flowers, and prune the trees? Why, mamma, if General Grant were to shut *me* up, I would work just as hard as ever I could. I would have things just as nice!"

"That would be the best way," said Mrs.

Gray. "They were very lucky to keep their books and furniture, and to be kept from doing mischief that would have obliged the General to put them into a *real* prison. When I remember Libby, I am not quite satisfied to think how comfortable these men were ; and after all, it only made them a little spiteful. They would not work. I suppose they did not know how. When their servants ran away, they found it hard enough to cook their own food and carry their own wood and water. Colonel Amory told me that they had a fancy that some time their houses would fall into the hands of the government, and so they were glad to see the furniture wear out, and the houses go to ruin."

"What stupid people !" said Patty.

They were just driving by one of the ruined fences. Near the gate a boy of twenty was lounging. His hat was slouched over his face so that Patty could not see it, and under one arm he carried a rude crutch. He wore gray clothes.

Mrs. Gray touched Patty gently, and bent her whip a little aside to show Patty that she wanted her to look at him.

"If I were at the North," she said to her little girl, "I should not think twice of that gray coat; but here, a man who is not a rebel in his heart will be sure to wear something else."

"Was he a rebel?" said Patty, softly, as if a rebel must be something dreadful even to see.

"Yes," said her mother; "and before we go away, I shall take you to talk with him."

The white walls of the negro village now came in sight. Patty saw that the houses were quite unlike any that she had seen negroes living in before. They were two storeys high, and mamma said, when she asked her, that she thought they were whitewashed, not painted. In the failing light they could not be quite sure.

The houses were built on terraces, round the brow of the heights, "like a coronet," Mrs. Gray said; and Patty nodded her little head, as if she thought so too.

As they wound in and out among the houses, they saw the names of the streets, painted in large letters, at the corners. Patty read out, "Garrison St.," "Phillips St.," "Fremont St.,"

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "how Mr. Garrison would like to see his name up there! And to think they are all free! And there is the chapel, too!"

"You know he has been South since the war," said her mother; "and I think he must have seen this village, it is so near Washington. There are two thousand freedmen here."

"I don't think the houses look nice, near to," said Patty, disappointed. "Oh, mamma, just look in there; the children are sitting round a pan of hominy. They are grabbing it up, without any spoon, just like the pigs; and, mamma, the houses are so *bare*!"

Mamma turned the donkey's head without answering, and drove round the chapel. At the foot of the steep path, which led up to the superintendent's house, Lundy was waiting for them.

It was late in the day, and Patty and her mother looked blue with cold.

Lundy came forward, and pulled off his cap.

"Little missy find a good fire up dere," he said, "but dere ain't much to eat; I done



carry de bags, missis, and I buyd some eggs and hominy down in de town. Dere'll be a right smart black man up dere soon."

"Thank you, Lundy," said Mrs. Gray, getting out of the cart, and turning to help Patty. "I dare say we shall get along very well; but shan't I see you in the morning?"

"No, missis, I'll be gone, fus' thing."

"I hope you won't go very far, Lundy," said Mrs. Gray. "I can't bear to think Miss Britannia is to lose you."

"Oh, I gib dat all up," said Lundy, with something that sounded like a sob. "Miss Brittania no better dan a picaninny; I sell de donkey and go right back. De boys mus' go, but I'll jis go ober de bridge, and carry her my wages ebery night."

Mrs. Gray pressed his hand, and turned away. She loved her old friend, in spite of all that separated them; and she was proud of Lundy. She knew he ought not to make such a sacrifice, and yet she could not advise him to go away. She thought in her heart, that God would pay him some day, full measure, "heaped up, pressed down, and running over."

Patty put her hand in her mother's, and they walked up the steep path, and into a large and airy, but empty, hall.

All the doors and windows were open. "It's colder than out doors," said Patty, shivering.

"This is a white man's house," said Mrs. Gray; "but you see it is quite as dreary as the houses in the village. It would be different if there were a lady here, I think. Our room is up stairs; I hope we shall find it warmer."

It was warmer; but that was all that could be said for it. Lundy had built a big fire in the great fireplace. He had piled up some bricks to hold the great logs, for there were no andirons, and there was a great pile of wood on the bare floor, to feed the fire with. There were one or two broken panes of glass, but somebody had pasted paper over them. There were two husk mattresses on the floor, and on those a pile of blankets and sheets, that Lundy had borrowed of a neighbor, and left for Mrs. Gray to spread. They were coarse, but quite clean. There was a board table in

the middle of the room, and several chairs standing about. On the table were a dozen eggs, a few bits of fried chicken laid on white paper, some cold boiled hominy in a tin pan, and a loaf of rye bread.

On the hearth, on a pile of bricks, just in front of the fore-stick, a little black tea-kettle sang merrily. There was a bright new tin pan on the fire, full of boiling water, with an iron spoon in it. Lundy had thought that perhaps Mrs. Gray would like to boil some eggs.

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, clapping her hands; "are we going to stay here all night? It's just as good as a picnic!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "the superintendent is in Washington to-night, but he said we might stay here if I could take care of myself. His rooms are locked up; but you see Lundy has taken care of me."

Then Mrs. Gray showed her little daughter what it was to be a good traveller. She went first to the door and turned the wooden button, which was its only fastening.

"Can't somebody break that in the night?" said Patty, soberly.

"Nobody will try to, but I don't want the door to blow open," said Mrs. Gray, helping Patty to take off her sack. "Let us hang up our things, and then we will make the bed before we get supper."

There were some large nails driven into the whitewashed wall, and on these Mrs. Gray hung Patty's hat and her own bonnet. The shawls and rugs that Lundy had brought she folded smoothly, and put under the head of the upper mattress, for there were no pillows.

Patty helped her mother to spread the sheets on the bed. Just as they were smoothing the upper one, a bright ray from the setting sun darted into Patty's eyes, and blinded her so that she started back.

"Go to the window," said her mother; "you will never see a prettier sight; I will finish the bed alone, for I do not see that we are to have any candles."

Patty went gladly. She could see the flame-tipped chimneys of the distant city, and the statue of Liberty gleaming in the light, as if it were of pure gold. Little sloops were drifting down the Potomac, and their white sails

were winged with flame. A few row-boats scattered showers of fire from their busy oars. Patty had never seen a sight exactly like this. "Oh, mamma," she said, with a sigh, "if it were only summer!"

"If it only were!" said Mrs. Gray; "but you must imagine the green grass and the rustling trees."

Mrs. Gray said this while she was spreading her own fur cloak over the blankets on the foot of the bed. Just then there came a rap at the door.

Patty reached up on tiptoe, and turned the button. A tall, black man came in with a pail of water for washing, and a large tin candlestick. In it lay two poor tallow candles.

"Anything else, missis?" he said, setting down what he brought.

Mrs. Gray was busy at that moment, and she hardly heeded him. "I think not," she said, absently. Something in her voice startled the man; he drew nearer, and looked at her steadily.

"Pears like young missis done forgot me," said he; and then Mrs. Gray looked up.

"Why, Tony," she said, "how did you ever remember me?"

Tony shook his head. "I mus' go right after Judy," said he. "I shan't eat no supper till Miss Sophie hab hers;" and before Mrs. Gray could say a word, he was gone.

"Mamma," said Patty, "do you know him?"

"I have not seen him for twenty years," said her mother, sitting down, where she, too, could watch the fading light upon the river.

"It was when your father and myself were trying to start a colored school on Capitol Hill," said Mrs. Gray, still gazing on the glowing sky. "We had had a hard day's work, and had just been to Duddington House to get a direction to some new families. We stopped a moment in front of a nice-looking place for your father to open his book and make a note. We were so busy that we did not see a bright little mulatto woman, who ought to have been sweeping some leaves away from the walk. The first thing I heard was, —

"'It is bad to work alone, Judy,' spoken in a coaxing voice. I looked up, and saw a black man with a noble face. He had put his arm round the little woman's waist, and stopped the broom. 'What's the use of waiting for better

times?" he added, just as I stole a look at them.

"'What's the use of making times harder now, Tony?' returned the woman; 'or of bringing others to wish as I do,—that they never'd been born?'"

"Then your father and I moved on; but I knew the whole story. The woman was a slave, and all her children would be slaves also. The man was a free man; but that did not help his children. By the old law, the children followed the condition of their mother."

"Oh, mamma," said Patty, "what did a free man ever love a slave woman for? Why didn't he find a free woman to marry?"

"Colored men are very much like other men," said Mrs. Gray, smiling sadly. "I used to think, when I lived here, that the smartest men were free, and the prettiest and nicest women slaves. The smart free man wanted a bright and pretty wife. He could only find her among those who had been well trained in white families. The next day I went to see Judy's mistress. She put a reasonable price on her pretty little servant, and two or three of my friends

lent me the money to buy her. Tony was married before the month was out. He and his wife both went to work for themselves, and in less than a year they had paid me the price of Judy's freedom."

"Didn't you hate to pay money for a woman?" said Patty. "How could you?"

"It was the only way in which I could serve her," said Mrs. Gray. "I tried to forget all the rest."

At this moment there came a timid knock at the door, and Tony and Judy came in. Their arms were full. It did not seem a minute before a pair of comfortable pillows were on the bed, before a little black tea-pot was down on the hearth, a snowy cloth on the table, and a bright pine splint burning like a torch in one corner of the wide chimney. Patty saw that there would be no need of the greasy candles, and felt very glad.

Rapid words of welcome had passed between Tony, Judy, and her mother, from the first moment; but until the new-comers had emptied their arms, Patty could hardly see their faces, or understand their words.



As soon as the last parcel was disposed of, Judy turned quickly to Patty.

"Is this child your very own, Miss Sophie?" she asked; and then, —

"Is she Massa Charles's, too?"

Mrs. Gray laughed. "Why, Judy," she said, "you didn't think I'd marry anybody else? But come, tell me what you have been doing all these years?"

Judy went to the table to go on with her work while she talked. "Oh," said she, "I have forgotten the knives and spoons!"

"No matter," said Mrs. Gray, opening a little outside pocket on one of the black bags that had troubled Patty so much, and taking out two china spoons, and two small plated knives. "You see I have all we want. You had better take some of my tea, too," she added, giving Judy a box. "I am not sure you have got the best here in the village, and I am tired to-night."

But Judy put back the box indignantly.

"Not sure!" said she — "not sure? when the tea is Tony's own, and he went to New York to buy it? No, Miss Sophie. Keep that till you

need it; but it was like you, honey, to have it ready!"

"Well," said Mrs. Gray, drawing up to the table, "you must be doing well, if Tony goes to New York for his tea."

"Oh, that was for the shop," said Judy, beginning to serve 'Miss Sophie.' "We have no butter, honey, but I brought over those curds, if the wind hain't froze 'em."

Tony was toasting bread on his knees, and Mrs. Gray said, "Who takes care of the shop to-night, Judy? This is just the time for your people to buy."

"I've a slip of a girl of my own," said Judy, throwing back her head; "just a slip; but she goes to school, and makes change quicker than I can. We kept on in the old way, Miss Sophie, for years and years. I used to wish I could write, so that I could hear from you. I used to go to Miss Margie, and she would tell me the last news. I did all sorts of chores, and Tony he'd work for the carpenters. By and by the war came, and I made heaps of money, washing for the officers. Tony was just druv off his feet, going of errands; but

they paid him well, and by and by he got into favor; and when the superintendent wanted somebody here to look after the new-comers, and teach the rough hands that came in with the troops, he just asked us over, — and to save the poor things being cheated, we just set up a shop."

"Judy," said Mrs. Gray, "you and Tony used to speak as nicely as the white people; but when Tony came in just now, he talked like a plantation negro. I don't know what to say about *you*."

"La, Miss Sophie!" said Judy, laughing, "I wonder I can talk at all. It's just being with these poor things that come through with Sherman. In the old times I never saw nothing but white folks; but when I come over here, I couldn't understand a word half of 'em said, and I have to talk half a dozen ways before they can understand me. The very first night I come over, there was some chickens missing, and a great, lumbering, lame girl was a lying on the grass; and she kep shouting, 'I shawm,' 'I shawm,' louder and louder, but I never paid no attention; I didn't think it

had anything to do with my chickens; so I lost 'em."

Mrs. Gray laughed. Patty asked what "shawm" meant.

"I *saw them*," said Mrs. Gray; "you will hear that in the cotton islands."

Tony was standing behind Patty's chair, just for the pleasure of looking at Miss Sophie. He had a fine, intelligent face, and he felt as if all the happiness he had ever had, he owed to the little woman who sat there busily eating her rye bread and curds.

"Miss Sophie," said he, in a broken voice, "Tom is down on them cotton islands, and I had a letter from him last spring; he is getting on right smart."

"Then I shall see him," said Mrs. Gray; "Tom was the baby that was born the year I went away — wasn't he?"

"Yes, Miss Sophie; and he and mother were sold down there afore he was a year old. Mother came round with the troops, but Tom staid."

"Show Miss Sophie the letter," said Judy, who knew how proud Tony was of it; and the

man put his hand into his bosom, and handed Mrs. Gray something folded close in pink paper. Mrs. Gray had finished her supper; she went near to the pine splint, and sat down on one of her black bags. Patty looked over her shoulder, and this was the letter that they read. The handwriting was very nice indeed, but poor Tom could not get much time for school, with all his "tasks" to see after; so his stops and capitals are not always where they should be.

·OLD FORT April 27th.

MY DEAR BROTHER, you want to know how much crops we plant well I will tell you we Planted four Acores and a half of March Corn and Three task of april corn and we planted three task and a half of sweet potatoes, and one acores and two task of march cotton and three quarter of a task of ground-nut and we plant some peas to about a quarter of a task and we are going to plant two task more in July and we plant other little things and we have one hog and we are going to get two more and we have twelve hens and one

*ruster* and we have two hens with chickens and we have two turkeys one he and a she, two ducks, one he and a she, and we are a going to set some turkeys eggs, as soon as we can and we are going to set some mor hen two, that is all we have now brother at this time.

THOMAS C. WALLACE.

Mrs. Gray was very much pleased with the letter, but Patty thought that a boy who could write so nicely ought not to spell "*rooster*" with a *u*.

"That is one of Miss Botume's boys," she said to Tony, as she handed back the letter. "It is very nicely written."

"Mamma," said Patty, "what does he plant ground-nuts for, and how much is a 'task'?"

"They are fond of ground-nuts," said Mrs. Gray; "they grow quite large. In North Carolina they used to roast them, and use them as we use coffee, or dry them in the oven, and pound them into meal. A 'task' is usually a day's work; but I have heard negroes call two rows of cotton a task."

"And now, Tony, who has a mule? Can't you save me the trouble of looking up a cart, and have one here bright and early? I shall want to drive round the village and down to the pier; I must catch the afternoon steamer to Alexandria."

"Don't you fret, Miss Sophie," said Tony; "I know just the right man, — a man you will like to talk with, — and I will lend him my 'two-seat;' and now Judy and I must go, or you won't sleep."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE REBEL AND CHARLES THOMSON.

AS soon as Tony had closed the door, Mrs. Gray began to undress Patty. She had just listened to her prayers, and tucked her snugly in, when there came another rap.

It was Lundy this time. There was a meeting in the chapel, but no white minister was in the village. Two or three of the elders had seen Mrs. Gray driving up the hill, and Lundy came to ask her to go into the chapel, and talk a little to the people.

Mrs. Gray was very tired, but she thought nothing of that. She looked at Patty.

"Lundy," said she, "could you stay with my little girl?"

Lundy could not. He would have been glad to do anything for Miss Sophie, but he had business for Miss Britannia, and he could not



even go to the meeting. Then Mrs. Gray turned to Patty.

"Will you spare me for an hour?" she said to her little girl.

Patty sat up in bed for a moment. "If you think it safe to leave me," said she, "I am willing. It must be just as *you* like, mamma."

"You will have to jump up, and button the door," said Mrs. Gray, kissing her; "and, Lundy, won't you light another splint, and put on some of that heavy wood, so my little girl can keep warm?"

Mrs. Gray threw on her fur cloak, and her soft, warm hood, and went out of the room after Lundy. She held the door by a bit of tape, fastened to an empty spool, and drawn through a hole. While she held it, Patty turned the button.

"Are you safe back in bed?" said Mrs. Gray, when she found that the door was tight.

"Yes," said Patty; "and I've tucked myself up, and I'm going to say my prayers over again. Good night, mamma. You'll have to wake me when you come back."

Now I am not going to the chapel with Mrs.

Gray and Lundy, for I am travelling with Patty, you must remember ; and I have told you this part of the story to show you what a comfort a brave, obedient little girl is.

If Patty had made one objection, mamma would have staid at home with her ; but because Patty was willing to do exactly as mamma thought best, Mrs. Gray's work was made easy, and the poor colored people had their pleasure. Patty's trust was *real*. Mamma had never deceived her ; and if *she* thought it safe for Patty to be shut into that bare room alone for an hour, Patty knew that it was safe. Mamma had not been gone ten minutes before the little girl was sound asleep ; and as Mrs. Gray did not wake her when she came back, she slept on till the next morning.

Mrs. Gray came back with Tony, and Tony showed her a wooden slide off a back stairway, through which, if she stooped a little, she could enter her own room. It was just behind the pile of wood that Lundy had left on the floor, and Tony had to move every stick of the heavy wood, and mamma had to wait a long time patiently, before she could get through.

But they were both glad to do it. Patty had been so brave and kind, that either of them would have worked hard to spare her an hour's sleep.

When the little girl waked the next morning, mamma was up and dressed. She sat by the fire on a low block of wood, reading in a book. Tony had been in; and on the snowy cloth, which Judy had spread the night before, the cups and plates were shining.

"What are you reading, mamma?" said Patty, throwing up her little arms, and giving a great stretch.

"Suppose I read it to you?" said Mrs. Gray, without answering; but she went across the room, and gave her little girl a morning kiss. Then she read aloud,—

#### GOD'S HARVEST.

While passing through the harvest field  
One bright September morn,  
I marked them binding up the sheaves —  
The poppies with the corn.

The florid crimson petals lay  
Half withered and forlorn:  
"Why dost thou bind, I fain would ask,  
These poppies with the corn?"

No answer gave the busy swain;  
While asking, he was gone;  
And still the sturdy reapers bound  
The poppies with the corn.

I mused upon the years gone by  
Since I, a babe, was born,  
And thought how I had also bound  
Up poppies with my corn.

And when, to garner in his seed,  
The Reaper sounds his horn,  
Shall bitter weeds or fruitful ears  
Make up my store of corn?

And when, reflecting on my way,  
My soul with anguish torn,  
I own my sheaf of crimson dark,  
The poppies *hide* the corn.

Yet still, though I, in conscious fear,  
My scanty harvest mourn,  
I dare to hope; He, too, may bind  
*Some* poppies with His corn.

"That is nice!" said Patty, drawing on her long stockings. "Oh, mamma, if I could only learn it, I need not carry that red rag in my pocket another minute!"

"Needn't you!" said Mrs. Gray; "you know I haven't the least idea what you *do* carry it for?"

Patty did not answer; she only said, —

"Mamma, did *you* write it? for me?"

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Gray. "Do you remember the boy in the gray coat that we saw leaning on the fence yesterday?"

"The rebel, mamma, that I am going to see?" answered Patty.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "he belongs to one of the families shut up by General Grant. Once, during the war,—I think it was during the dreadful 'seven days,'—a little drummer boy was found dead on the field, his hands full of freshly-gathered violets, and a very sweet smile on his face, as if his spirit had gone up to heaven on the fragrance of the flowers. I believe it was at Malvern Hill. Owen Fairfax heard of it, and wrote some pretty verses, rebel though he was. I remember that you liked them, Patty."

"Mamma," said Patty, "what were the 'seven days'?"

"The last seven terrible days of McClellan before Richmond, when victory cost more than defeat," said her mother. "I remember Owen's verses, because one of his cousins was a pupil of mine, and last night I asked Tony about him. The poor fellow is dying, and Judy has been

nursing him. When I told Tony about the violets, he said Owen often read his verses to Judy, and there was a book of them. So this morning he brought me this to read."

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, in a low, sorrowing tone, "it must be dreadful for a rebel to die!"

"Patty," said her mother, "what do you suppose Owen was thinking of when he wrote, —

‘I dare to hope; He, too, may bind  
Some poppies with His corn’?

"O, mamma!" cried Patty, at once, "of course it was the war, and all the blood that had been shed, and the wicked thoughts he had if he *didn't* go to fight, and how it all ended!"

Patty finished what she had to say in a little puzzle of words and thoughts.

Mrs. Gray shook her head.

"It was none of these things, you may be sure," she said. "When you talk with him, Patty, you will find that he thinks he did nobly to stand by his State. He will tell you Washington would have done so, had he been living. The 'sheaf of crimson dark' was a fagot of repinings, ill tempers, and self-will, such as you or I might bind."

"But, mamma," said little Patty, in distress, "do you mean that God will forgive all the rebels right away as soon as they die? Wasn't it wicked, after all, to fight as they did?"

"I am sure that no wicked man wrote these verses about the poppies," said Mrs. Gray, beginning to help Patty with her dress; "and as for the rest, I cannot call any man wicked simply because he fought on that side. There were wilful, cruel, ambitious leaders, and an ignorant people to be led. The sins of the rebels are the sins of men, dear Patty. Don't you think there may have been some sinners in the Union army?"

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," murmured Patty, as she went to the water pail, and dashed the water over her face, just as if she felt faint, and then said louder, "Mamma, I won't think of it any more, for it isn't *my* business to forgive rebels."

Mrs. Gray smiled, but she said nothing; she left her words to drop into the little girl's heart, as healthy seed is dropped into the soil. By and by mamma would water the little seed, and she knew whom she might trust to give it increase.

In a few moments Patty and mamma sat down to breakfast. Tony waited behind Mrs. Gray's chair. Judy had gone down to get poor Owen up, and the "slip of a girl" was kept at home from school to look after the shop.

As soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Gray and Patty started for Arlington. Tony had offered to go with them himself, and mamma asked him if anything of value had been left in the house. Tony said there was very little. After General Lee had gone off to the war, the house was sold, because the taxes were not paid, and the United States bought it. All the valuable things were carried over to the Patent Office, where Patty had seen some of them, and Tony thought the government meant to send them back to General Lee, now the war was over.

"That is too bad," said Mrs. Gray, hastily, her fair face flushing all over. "General Lee is the last person to have the care of things that we all value."

"Miss Sophie," said Tony, "I have got the key of the superintendent's room, and there are two or three things in the office that little miss there might like to see. Perhaps they may be gone when you come back."



So Tony opened the door of the office, and, standing on the table, Patty saw three dark-blue vases, one much larger than the other two. The largest vase had a cover, and on this cover there was a wild boar, beautifully painted. On the vase beneath there was a lioness and her whelps.

"Oh, mamma!" said Patty, "did he get these instead of his *wild beasts*?"

It very often happened that Patty said things no one could understand who did not know a great deal about her. Everything kept so fresh in her own little head that she never thought anybody could forget. Mrs. Gray had to think twice before she remembered the "*wild beasts*" that George Washington ordered for the drawing-room at Mount Vernon. The side vases had pictures of dogs upon them, and when Patty had looked at them long enough, mamma said, —

"You must carry them in your mind, Patty, for they used to stand on the beautiful mantel at Mount Vernon; and when you see it, you will want to remember them."

"Where did they come from?" said Patty.

"They were sent from London by Samuel

Vaughan," said her mother. "They came with the mantel-piece. They were made in India, and painted in London. Do you see the pretty landscapes on the back?"

There was only one other curious thing in the office, and that was an iron chest. It was covered with bars, riveted on, and it had a pretty rosette of iron on one side, that looked as if it were put there for beauty; but it only covered a key-hole. There were two strong handles, and some staples, through which a stout bolt shot when a spring was touched. Patty had not an idea what it could be for, and so mamma had to tell her.

"When Washington married," said Mrs. Gray, "his wife was a rich widow, with two little children, and in this box all her deeds and papers were kept. These papers were just the same as money. The box was brought from England, and is very strong. Mrs. Washington used to keep all the General's letters in it. He wrote to her almost every day, when he was away; but before she died, she ordered it brought into her chamber, and burned every letter with her own hand."

"Oh, what for?" said Patty.

"I do not know, dear; but there are a great many people who destroy the letters of those who love them best, or order others to do it. In Mrs. Washington's case it seems a great pity, for the General wrote to her about everything with great care, and all his letters were valuable. Only one was saved. It was a short note telling her of his appointment to the head of the army."

"Where is it now?" asked Patty.

"I do not know," said her mother. "Mr. Custis used to keep it in this very iron box, with the letter which told Washington himself of his election as President. Charles Thomson, as Secretary of Congress, carried that letter to Mount Vernon, and there was no man whom Washington loved more."

"Who was he, mamma?"

"Patty," said her mother, "do you remember the four dingy books on my shelf at home, that we always take down when we want to read the Psalms, or the book of Job?"

"Oh, yes!" said Patty, brightly; "why, that is the book I like so much, because it makes sense!"

"That is a translation of the Bible that Charles Thomson made," said Mrs. Gray, "and very precious I think it. He was a little Irish boy who came over to America, when he was eleven years old, with his father and three brothers. His father died on the way, and they landed in Delaware as poor as boys could be. After a time Charlie was sent to school in Maryland, by his oldest brother. Books were so scarce then that there was only one dictionary for the whole school. Charlie read everything he could get. One of the boys had an old book called the Spectator. He read every word of it with delight, and when he heard that there was a whole set to be had in Philadelphia, he ran away from school, walked all the way there, and came back with his book!"

Patty clapped her hands. "I like that," said she.

"I believe Charles Thomson was a Friend," said her mother. "He was the first person who resisted the Stamp Act in Philadelphia. Congress made him its Secretary, and he was a man of such integrity that everybody trusted him. The Indians adopted him, and gave him a name which meant '*man of truth*.'"

"Did you ever see him, mamma?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray; "he died the year after I was born, at the age of ninety-six. When he carried the letter of Congress to Mount Vernon, Washington received him like a very dear friend, and asked him to become one of his cabinet, but Thomson said no, the country no longer needed him."

"Had he written his Bible then?" asked Patty. "Was that what Washington loved him for?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray; "he did not write his Bible till after he retired from public life; but he must have loved it always, and so did Washington. When I used to turn over the books at Mount Vernon, I was astonished to see how many of them were religious books, or books about the Bible. Washington's memory was very good. His books looked as if they had never been used; but after he had read a book once, he seldom cared to look at it again."

"Mrs. Washington was always delighted to see Charles Thomson. She said it was because he was so sweet and so cheerful. Once when I was in Philadelphia, I was shown a

portrait of Mr. Thomson. It gave me great pleasure to see it, because, you know, Patty, how much I value his Bible, which almost everybody has forgotten. The picture made me think of Mrs. Washington's words. It showed a thin old man with a sweet and gracious face. His hair, long, and curling at the ends, was as white as snow, and fell back from a high, fair forehead. His eyes were large and dark; they told of peace and love. I could not look at it long enough, and I kept saying to myself, 'This was the man that Washington loved.'"

While Mrs. Gray was speaking, they had come out of the office. Tony took the key, and Patty put her hand in her mother's. They went out of the side door, and walked up the hill. It was nearly half a mile to Arlington yet.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ARLINGTON AND ISAAC.

A LITTLE way beyond the house they found a two-seated wagon, into which a beautiful mule was harnessed. Over the back seat was one of Miss Britannia's knotted rugs.

"What a beautiful creature!" said Patty, stopping to pat the mule's dark, glossy sides; "but, mamma, is he a Dutch horse? He looks thick and short, just like the Dutch girls."

"He's a mule," said Tony, before Mrs. Gray could answer. "He's a Mount Vernon mule, Miss Patty. They don't have no mules at Mount Vernon now, but in the Ginerals' time he thought everything of his mules. After the Judge's death, — *he* was Bushrod, you know, — all the country round wanted to get at the Mount Vernon stock, it was that famous; but the family mostly bought it in. Mr. Custis — he had some

asses and horses as long as he lived ; and when General Lee left, there was a couple of splendid mules in his stable. When I come over, they were all dragged out ; the soldiers and the freed-folk had just tuk 'em for their own. I asked leave of the Bureau to get a common mule, and I sent these away to rest and feed up ; and now they're jist beauties."

"I don't see why it's a mule," said Patty, in a troubled tone ; for the creature was so spirited and beautiful, that it was hard to see the donkey blood.

"A mule is a mixed creature," said Mrs. Gray. "The father of this beauty was an ass, and its mother a mare."

"What did Washington want mules for?" said Patty.

"I don't know that he did want them," said Mrs. Gray ; "but they are very useful creatures all through the Southern country — better on the bad roads and steep mountain sides than either horses or asses. Washington was very much interested in farming, and he wanted everything that would help our people to make their own clothes and raise their own food. When Mrs.



Washington went to join him, after he was elected President of the United States, everything she wore was made in this country."

"What *did* she wear, mamma?" said Patty. "I thought you once said it was foolish to wear poor things just because they were American."

"So I did, and so I do," said Mrs. Gray, laughing. "I don't know what Mrs. Washington wore, though I have often asked, but I don't believe she wore a single *poor* thing. Mules are used a great deal in Southern fields; they do the ploughing, and they carry water to the young tobacco. The King of Spain, Charles III., happened to hear that Washington wanted fine mules, and he sent him a jack and two jennies. A man came with them to take care of them; and what was funny, they all landed in Portsmouth, N. H., and came by land to Mount Vernon!"

"How silly!" said Patty, who could not see any reason why they should not have come to New York or Baltimore. She did not know that very few vessels came at all in those days, and that to people across the water, New Hampshire and Virginia seemed very close together.

"Is this mule one of the King of Spain's?" she asked, as her mother began to get into the wagon; "and what is a jenny?"

"You know what a jackass is," said her mother; "a jenny is its mate. The ass sent by the King of Spain was a heavy, slow creature, but very strong. Just about the same time Lafayette sent some beautiful, fierce, stag-like creatures from Malta, and the General's famous mules could boast the blood of both. They were strong and spirited, and handsomer than any that had ever been seen."

"This is the 'Marquis,'" said Tony, taking the reins as soon as Patty had settled into her seat; "it is the black, glossy, Maltese skin, and short ears, that make little missy think it is a horse. The General had mules, and horses, and deer. After his death the deer run wild. Some of 'em swam the river, and the woods round Fort Washington are full of 'em. We have a little doe up here."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, "I remember that. When I was a young girl, I went down to the fort with a party from the Engineer Corps. They went to kill the deer."

"Mamma," said Patty, "do we have mules at the North?"

"Not a great many," said Mrs. Gray; "but at the close of the war, the government sold all the mules they had used to drag their teams and ambulances, and a great many Northern farmers and manufacturers bought them. I think a great many died; they do not bear cold weather very well."

The handsome, spirited mule carried our little party swiftly up the hill. The House at Arlington, standing on the summit of the ridge, with its snowy columns springing from cellar to roof, used to gleam out brightly from the summer trees; but it had rough usage during the war, and like most of the houses occupied by troops and public officers, it wore now a battered and dingy look. The wagon drew up before the door, and as Patty sprang out, she gave a little shout of pleasure. Her mind had been busy with the mules. As she drew nearer, the crowded graves of Union men kept her sad and silent. She hardly thought where she was going. So, when she sprang from the carriage to the portico, and the broad river, with its distant cities

and its many forts, was spread out before her, the morning sun lighting up all its banks, it was like a vision. Patty never could tire of the Potomac River. Every fresh glimpse of it had a beauty that she had not seen before, and every sunny reach of ripple seemed to beckon her to new delight.

But Tony did not care about the river. He was not a bit like the dreamy little girl; so the first thing he did was to lead her round the corner of the house, and show her a timid little doe, with large, sad eyes, fastened to a stake among the graves.

"How sorry she looks!" said Patty. "Oh, take her away! Isn't there a garden somewhere? She's thinking about all the soldiers — I know she is;" and she said this with the tears in her eyes: so Tony promised that the poor little doe should go into a sunny corner of the superintendent's yard.

Then mamma called Patty, and for a few moments they stood on the portico together.

Mamma showed her Georgetown, with its pretty vineyards, its nunneries, and the fine arches of the Aqueduct Bridge; Washington,

with all its domes, and porches, and the Soldiers' Home, where Abraham Lincoln passed so many of his summer hours; Fort Albany and Fort Washington, and the streets of Alexandria, lying just under her feet. Then the little girl glanced over the thickest ~~set~~ graves down to the Long Bridge, and saw how the village of the freed people curled, like a necklace, round the hill. Patty would never think of Arlington without remembering the slaves and the soldiers. Mamma could only think of it as a gay household crammed with guests, who found horses in the stables, carriages at the door, boats upon the river, festive parties down by the old oaks, where gay girls danced and cadets sang, and all the sunshine of the blue air seemed to linger longest and shine the brightest.

Then they turned and went into the house. The wide hall and broad staircase could offer little more than shelter now. The walls showed the marks of pictures gone. The few rooms still used by the government looked uncomfortable.

"There's just two things to see," said Tony, — for Patty looked round without much inter-

est, — "and then we might as well go down the hill."

So saying, he led them to the centre of the hall, and showed them the old lantern that once belonged to Laurence Washington. It was so simple looking, with its plain glass lights in an open frame, holding an oil lamp with two wicks, that no one had thought it worth while to carry it away; but mamma told Patty that it was the oldest thing at Mount Vernon; that it had lighted the great hall there for nearly a hundred years, and that she remembered very well the beautiful pictures by Vandyke and Sir Godfrey Kneller, upon which it had shone for the last fifty years at Arlington House. Then she turned to Tony, and said, "Where is the side-board? Colonel Amory told me that had not been moved."

"That's the other thing," said Tony; and he opened the door into the empty dining-room, and showed Patty something well worth seeing, for its beauty, for its age, and for the sake of the great men and lovely women who had once clustered round it.

Now Patty thought she knew what a side-

board was. There was a sideboard at Spring Vale — a beautiful thing, made of dark mahogany, all full of veins. It had a broad top, on which the silver urns and trays were spread out. It held three closets, where grandmamma kept all the nicest cake, and the sweet sirups that she gave her friends in the hot summer days. Underneath it were three tall inlaid boxes, that grandmamma called "liquor cases," and spoke of as things that had gone quite out of use. When they were opened, there were beautiful cut glass bottles in them, with bright gold stars sprinkled all over. But the bottles were all empty.

The sideboard that Patty saw now was not in the least like this. It was a table about five feet in length, and half as wide. Garlands of beautifully-carved leaves ran round the frame, and drooped over the upper part of the legs. It was made of black walnut, in England, for Laurence Washington, and was nearly as old as the old lantern in the hall.

"What was it for?" said Patty.

"All the dishes of meat were set upon it and carved there," said her mother, "and then the

servants handed them to the guests. When Washington had friends from England and France staying with him, he took his frugal breakfast of hoe-cakes and milk at his usual hour, and then rode over his farm; but on this sideboard cold meats and bread, butter, cheese, and milk, and hot coffee, stood all through the morning, until the guests had been served."

"Mamma," said Patty, "I thought all old furniture was made of mahogany."

"This was made before the time of mahogany," said her mother. "Laurence Washington fought for the English, under Admiral Vernon, in 1741. He named his place after his old friend; but the first mahogany went to England about 1730, and before that time all English furniture was made of oak or walnut. After a while, fine mahogany became scarce, and now we have had to go back to black walnut; but it is not as hard or as handsome as the mahogany."

There was nothing more to see at Arlington, and Tony waited for orders before he put Mrs. Gray into the wagon.

"We will go and see Owen," said Mrs. Gray; "but that we will do last. Take us to see



Isaac, Tony, and I will tell Patty about him afterward."

So they trotted along Garrison Avenue until they found a house that looked a little better than the rest. It was cleaner than most, and a white-haired old man, who seemed to be blind, was sunning himself in the doorway.

Mrs. Gray sat in the carriage, and Tony darted into the house. Then Patty heard the sharp cry of a child, and Tony came out, showing all his white teeth, and followed by a noble-looking negro, taller than himself.

"You see the chillens won't let him go," said Tony, excusing his friend to Mrs. Gray.

Mrs. Gray put out her hand cordially. "We are all children, when it comes to that. I have heard so much of you, Isaac, that it seems as if you were an old friend. What are you doing here?"

"I came to Washington, madam," answered Isaac, with the air and tone of a gentleman, "to see after some of our rights; and I heard of old friends over here, and now it is hard to get away. But I shall go to-morrow."

"I hope you are getting all you want," said

Mrs. Gray; "we ought all of us to help you if you are not. A colored man who is trying to lift up his own people is doing something that we cannot do as well."

"Thank you, madam," answered the man, with gentle pride; "Mr. Durant will secure all that I need;" and then, after a few friendly words, Tony jogged on.

"What a handsome man!" said Patty.

"Yes," said her mother; "I wanted you to see how handsome a pure black man can be. Isaac was born in Kentucky, and had a wife and children there. He had contrived to learn how to read and write by watching his master's younger children. When his master found it out, he sold him into Louisiana, for fear he would make his other slaves discontented. Isaac knew very well why he was sent away; so he did not let anybody know in his new home that he could read and write. During the war he made his knowledge useful; but he had a kind and noble nature, and after he was set free, he worked two years for his master, because he thought he meant to be a good friend to the colored people. But in the winter of 1867 Isaac

found he was just as poor as when he started; so he persuaded nine other men to join him, and they hired an island in the river near New Orleans. They meant to raise corn and cotton, and they thought they could build themselves some log-houses.

"They went to a friendly white man, who lived near, and borrowed his boat to row over to their island. They had nothing in the world but one bale of cotton, and a few chairs and kettles. They brought these things down to the bank, and lay in the boat that night, so as to be ready for an early start; but that very night the bank caved in, and, although they kept their boat, the cotton and the furniture went down the river."

"Why, mamma," said Patty, "didn't they have any wharves? What made the bank cave in?"

"The banks of the Mississippi are of soft mud," said her mother; "and only the great cities are rich enough to build great stone boxes, which they call *quays*, to keep the mud from washing away.

"But these poor men were not discouraged.

They went over to the island, and went to work with axes and hoes. The same man who lent them the boat lent them also fifty bushels of corn, which they pounded into hominy, and an old gun, with some powder and shot.

"Before they returned the boat, they found a loose one in the mud, which had drifted down the river. With this they went fishing, and they easily caught enough fish to keep them till spring. Not a mouthful of meat did they have, except a few birds and rabbits, which they snared or shot, at odd moments, with the old gun.

"They built some log-huts for themselves, and, with their little boat, they drew in lumber enough from the river to lay some floors, and keep themselves dry."

"Was the lumber theirs, mamma?" said Patty.

"Yes, dear. On all large rivers, even those that behave much better than the Mississippi, a great deal of lumber and many other things get loosened in storms, and float hundreds of miles away from their owners. No one can blame the poor man who picks up these things when they drift into his own field. The men

who were with Isaac cut some wood, and carried it down to the steamboats on their backs. The money they got for the wood brought them salt, medicine, and a little sugar.

"With no tools but their hoes they got a fair crop; and not long ago Isaac went to a friend of mine in New Orleans, and settled his account.

"He paid the friendly white man his fifty bushels of corn, with five bushels more for the long use of it; he paid for his powder and shot, and some oars, lost when the muddy bank caved in. He paid three hundred bushels of corn for the rent of his land, and had money enough from the sale of the corn that was left to give every man good strong clothes, and to buy a drove of young hogs. They kept corn and potatoes enough to last till the next crop."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Patty, "I am glad I have seen Isaac."

"So am I," said Mrs. Gray. "This year Isaac has a good many tenants. He has a school for men, women, and children; and all that have been with him more than a year, can read and write!"

"It was well he got sold down South," said Patty; "he didn't know what he learnt to read and write for—did he?"

"With the money that they got for the first wood they cut this year," said her mother, "they bought slates and pencils,—*salt* first, and then *slates*. Since Isaac came to Washington, to settle some question about the rent of his island, he has found a friend who has lent him money to buy four mules and a wagon. Now he can carry his crops to the river, and, I dare say, he will buy his island some day, and become a land-holder."

"Have they any church?" said Patty.

"They have a big cabin, in which they keep school," said her mother; "and on Sunday Isaac gathers them all into this cabin, or, in pleasant weather, calls them into the woods, and reads to them out of the Bible."

"Mamma," said Patty, "who takes care of them?"

"Takes care of them?" repeated Mrs. Gray, not understanding what Patty meant.

"Yes, mamma; do they have any governors or policemen; I suppose they can't have mayors away in the woods?"

"I thought you understood that Isaac was governor," said Mrs. Gray; "it is because he has taken such good care of them, that I am so pleased to see him."

"Is it his island?" persisted Patty.

"He hires the island," said Mrs. Gray; "and if anybody wants to live there, he must hire some land of Isaac, and do exactly as Isaac says, or he can't stay."

"Does Isaac make the laws?" asked Patty.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "and how many do you think he has."

"Oh! a whole book full, *I guess*," said Patty; "white people do; why, mamma, nobody could ever remember half the laws, if they were to try. I don't see what the poor colored people do; can't they take a stick and notch it?"

"They have no need," said Mrs. Gray; "Isaac only made three laws, and he writes them in large letters, and nails them up in every cabin, and if any one disobeys, Isaac is sure to know it."

"What are these laws, mamma; did you ever see them?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "Colonel Amory

told me about them at the Bureau the other day, and I copied them into my pocket-book ; here they are."

"1. *Any one whose cattle injures the crop of another shall pay twice over.*

"2. *Any one who steals shall pay ten times, and be turned off the island.*

"3. *No one shall drink, or bring one drop of liquor on to the island.*"

"Oh ! I could remember those," said Patty ; "has he ever turned any body away?"

"Not for a whole year," said Mrs. Gray ; "all the people love Isaac so much, that they gladly do as he bids them."

Just as Mrs. Gray said this, they drove up to Owen Fairfax's gate. He was not lounging over the fence this morning ; they saw his pale face looking out of the window, when the "Marquis" drew up.

Perhaps Judy had told him that Mrs. Gray was coming.

Just as Mrs. Gray put her hand on the gate, Patty said, —



"Mamma, has Isaac ever found his wife and children?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray; "he has just come from Kentucky. He found no trace of them; but that is all we know; no one dares to ask him questions."

## CHAPTER IX.

OWEN FAIRFAX AND ALEXANDRIA.

AS Mrs. Gray opened the house door, Owen Fairfax came forward to meet her. Now that he had taken off his slouched hat, Patty could see that he had a noble-looking face. He was very thin; and his soft blue eyes and delicate lip had a look of sweet sadness.

"I would have come to see you, as I went up the hill, Owen," said Mrs. Gray, "but I did not think you would remember me; and if you did, I thought perhaps it would be a sad memory."

"I do not forget," answered the lad; "all things are sad, and all I have is the past."

"Ah," said Mrs. Gray, "it made my tears come when I heard that all your beautiful cousins were gone! And here is my little girl, Owen, about as old as you were when I saw you last; and I thought Virginia would be so fond of her!"

"Virginia died of a broken heart," said Owen, coughing a little, and taking Patty's hand kindly. "She lost her four sons in battle. They were only children: the oldest only twenty, and the youngest not sixteen. *We* were proud of them. But Virginia ought to have been born at the North. *She* thought we were all wrong; and she never spoke to her husband after he put on his shoulder-straps."

Mrs. Gray did not speak. She knew that families were divided at the South. Very lately, in Baltimore, she had seen a lady from Mississippi, who had lost eight children—seven of them fighting on the field, some for the North, and some for the South; the eighth, a daughter, broken-hearted over the graves of all. The mother herself had clung to the Union flag, and her husband commanded against Farragut. It was a sad, sad story; but it did not touch her heart like those few words from Owen. Virginia had been her favorite pupil—a gay and beautiful girl, not serious, but right-minded; and to her, so young and fair, the last few years had brought all this sorrow. She was glad when Patty spoke.

"Mamma says you have been here all through the war, Mr. Fairfax. Did that make you so sick? Did you want to go away?"

"I don't think it made me sick," said Owen, with a smile. "I was not made to last long, and I was rather glad not to go away. If I had fought, it must have been for Virginia, and I don't know about that."

"Why must it?" said Patty, wondering.

"My country, right or wrong," said Owen, proudly.

"I saw that in the cabin of an English ship, once," said Patty: "the letters were made of bayonets; but I didn't like it, and I told the sailors so."

Owen did not answer; but he gazed sadly at the little girl, as if his thoughts were far away.

"What did you do while you were shut up here?" said Patty.

"If you would like to see, you may come up to my room," said Owen, rousing, and putting out his hand.

Patty took it, and trotted up stairs. The parlor below was still a pretty room, with a warm

carpet and some pleasant pictures ; but nothing could be colder than Owen's chamber. A bed and two chairs, without even a strip of carpet, were its only furniture. In one corner there was a small shaving-glass, and under it a wooden stool, holding a basin and ewer. In one of the windows a pine table was standing, and on it a microscope.

Mrs. Gray had followed them. She gave one look at the bare room ; but she only said, "Oh, Owen !"

"You see I could not help it," said the boy. "I was fond of this before the war ; and after they all died, and I grew worse, I sold one thing after another to get new slides, and to repair the stand. Your officers were very good to me. When they found out what I liked, they sometimes brought me what I wanted. Look here, Patty," he added, lifting the little girl into a chair ; "what is that?"

"It is a tidy," said Patty, promptly, taking one look at a tiny thing that Owen slipped under the microscope. "It is just the commonest tidy that ever was. Anybody can make one like that. But where is it?" she added, drawing

back from the tube. "Where do you keep it? It can't be in that little place?"

"It must be very old-fashioned," said Owen, laughing. "I shouldn't wonder if Noah had one in the ark."

Patty looked puzzled. Mrs. Gray bent over her, smiled a little, and drew a little piece of glass out of its rest. "What is that?" she asked.

"I can hardly see anything," said Patty.

"That is your *tidy*," said Mrs. Gray — "a thin slice cut across the bony spine of a sea-urchin."

"Here is something prettier," said Owen; and Patty looked again, and saw a great many little baskets made of diamonds — tiny fruit-plates, sparkling in the sun, and looking as if they were made of jewels. All sorts of graceful forms that Patty had seen in vases and dishes she saw here in rainbowed light.

"That is earth from Barbadoes," said Owen.

"Earth?" said Patty. "Do people tread on it? Why don't they break the pretty things?"

"They are too small to break," said Owen; "you cannot crush a grain of dust."

"But what are they?" said Patty. "All dust is not like that."

"We call them *Polycistineæ*," said Owen. "They are the glassy skeletons of tiny creatures that lived thousands of years ago. When they laid the Atlantic cable, they laid it on thick beds of these beautiful things. God made glass long ago."

When Patty looked through the microscope again, she saw what seemed like beautiful Nautilus shells, made of the same clear gems. Owen told her they came from the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea; and then he showed her a little slice of rattan that looked like delicate lace.

"You have a beautiful microscope," said Mrs. Gray; "who gave it to you, Owen?"

"My grandfather," answered the boy, "before all our troubles began. It is the only thing I have kept. It was good to be thinking of God and His quiet ways, when the cannon were roaring all round."

"I didn't know Southern people cared for such things," said Patty, timidly.

"Oh!" said Owen. "I do not know many people who have microscopes," he added; "but one Southern general, I know, who spent his life over snakes, until that first gun was fired at Fort Sumter."

Patty said nothing ; she could not understand how people could love God, and study his ways, and yet not think exactly as she did about slavery and the war. She pitied Owen ; and when, after a few kind words, they went down stairs, and Mrs. Gray put out her hand to say good bye, Patty put up her lips of her own accord to kiss the dying boy.

" Oh, mamma ! " she said, as she climbed up into the wagon, " won't Owen be happy soon ? He seems so sad in this world ! "

The cart rattled down the hill, but Patty thought very little of the dreary, ruined fields that they were jolting through. She was thinking of the beautiful things Owen had shown her, and how soon he would leave them all, and gaze, instead, into the face of God himself. All of a sudden the mule stopped, and the cart drew up with a jerk, at a little landing near the Long Bridge. The steamer had not made the landing. " We are in good time, " said mamma ; but while she said it, a man in uniform drew near, and touching his hat to Mrs. Gray, said a few words to Tony, whom he seemed to know. Then Patty saw that a large row-boat lay at



the landing, with a flag floating, and several men resting on their oars. Tony looked a little puzzled; but he came up to Mrs. Gray, and said, —

“Colonel Amory thought you would like to row down the river, because that was the way you went twenty years ago. That boat is for you, and the superintendent will spare me, if you would like to have me go with you.”

Mrs. Gray’s eyes sparkled. “I should like the row so much!” she said; “but is there any need of my troubling you?”

“Perhaps,” said Tony, doubtfully; “indeed, Miss Sophie, I think you will be better off. There is a village at Mount Vernon, and Judy has a sister there. I think I had better keep on with you. I know Minnie can make you more comfortable than the lady at the house.”

Mrs. Gray answered by a look, and stepped carefully into the boat, where the black bags were already lying. Patty had never been in a row-boat in her life, but she sprang bravely after her mother. Tony sat down a little way from them.

As soon as they got away from the landing,

the men began to sing. They were Germans; there were eight of them, and they sang some German boat songs, keeping time to their oars, so that it seemed as if the splash were part of the music.

"This is the way I went before," said Mrs. Gray to Patty; "but I had sixteen men then. Use your eyes, little girl; there are some canvas-backs; do you see them?"

"Canvas-backs?" said Patty, sleepily, for she had been listening to the song; "those are the ducks that breed in Alaska — arn't they?"

Mrs. Gray nodded. The oars moved so quickly that the boat seemed almost to drift down the stream; and when, at the end of half an hour, Alexandria came in sight, she gave a little cry of surprise.

"What is the matter, mamma?" said Patty.

"I am surprised to see so large a town," said her mother; "and the wharves look busy. They show the change the war has made. When I came here twenty years ago, grass grew in the streets, and we found the girls at the town pump with their pitchers, chatting just as if it were a little country village!"

"I never saw a town pump," said Patty.

"You shall see one now," said her mother, smiling.

At that moment Patty saw that Tony was throwing something up in the air, and catching it. She wondered what it was, and looked at him so curiously, that Tony stopped, and stretched out his hand to "little missy." It was full of the largest acorns Patty had ever seen, — beautiful green acorns, pretty enough for toys.

"Where did you get them?" said Patty.

"The children brought them from the old oak by the spring," said Tony. "I guess they are the biggest acorns in the world."

"If I had only had my eyes open," said Patty, "I might have got some myself."

"You may have these," said Tony; and Patty put them into her pocket with delight.

Just then the men stopped rowing, and held the boat against a flight of steps with their oars, so that Patty and her mother could go up. Patty was soon on the wharf; but Mrs. Gray staid behind to give something to each of the men.

Tony gave the black bags to a negro on the

wharf, and told him to take them to Newton's Hotel; and then he walked behind Mrs. Gray and Patty as they strolled through the town.

They had eaten some sandwiches on the boat. Judy had taken care that there should be bright-red ham, and snowy chicken, and sweet corn-bread ready for them at the first hungry moment.

They could not find any grass in the streets. Alexandria seemed as busy as any other town; but Mrs. Gray found her way to the two pumps which supplied the whole town with water twenty years ago.

"I don't know what they do now," she said to Patty; "but it could only have happened where there were slaves. Free servants would not have carried water such distances, nor could any servants have been spared to bring it, where only a few were kept."

In a few moments they came to the Episcopal Church, where Washington used to go. It was a very plain building. Patty said it looked like Church Green in Boston. "Yes," said mamma, "only it is built of brick, and the spire is heavy, and square, and low."

There was an arched door on each side, and a sort of bow-window behind the pulpit. Tony lifted Patty up so that she could look in at the window, and see the pew in which the General used to sit. Tony could not tell her much about it. He only knew that it had cost more than any other pew in the church, and that ever since Washington's day somebody of his name had owned it. The old Pohick Church still stands in the forest; but no minister has preached there for fifty years.

"Mamma," said Patty, when Tony set her down, "wasn't Washington very foolish to spend so much money for things? That pew don't *look* very fashionable. What did he want of all his fine clothes?"

"There are some questions that I can't answer," said Mrs. Gray, smiling. "When he was a little boy, Washington was not thought very generous; his father had to make him ashamed of stinginess. When he was a grown man, he wanted some fine carriage horses, and General Lee told him he could not have his, because he would never pay more than half price for anything! To look at his orders on little

Matty's book, you would think he wanted everything fashionable and showy ; but Benedict Arnold became a traitor because he wished to live in luxury, and could not bear Washington's rebuke. When Oliver Wolcott, of Connecticut, was made a government officer, he went to New York to see if he could live on fifteen hundred dollars a year. When he got there, he wrote back to his wife that he must live on one thousand, for the President's example would make anything more seem unbecoming and extravagant."

While Mrs. Gray was talking, the little party had moved on. They were now opposite the Court House. It had pillars in front, and a pretty iron railing round the yard.

Mrs. Gray pointed to it. "Patty," said she, "guess what happened in that yard?"

"I can't guess," said Patty.

"Well," said Mrs. Gray, "that is the spot where one of the smallest men in Virginia knocked George Washington down."

"Why, mamma," said Patty, "I thought he was the strongest man that ever was!"

"So he was," said her mother. "When he

was a boy, he was fond of all manly sports. He did not care for marbles at all ; but he could leap, and lift, and run. No weather kept him in doors ; and he was often seen to throw a stone across the river at Fredericksburg. It is said there has never been a man since who could do it. His father was a very strong man also. His gun is still in existence. He used to hold it at arm's length, and fire away at the ducks on the Potomac. Now nobody can fire it without a rest."

"But, mamma," said Patty, "who could knock Washington down?"

"A very small man, named Payne," said Mrs. Gray, "and I will tell you about it ; it will make you understand the General better. He was only twenty-two years old, and was stationed here with his regiment, of which he was Colonel. There was a great excitement about an election. Washington said something hot. Payne lifted his walnut stick, and threw him down with one blow. Washington's regiment were all enraged ; but he went himself to meet the men, and quieted them.

"The next day he went to the tavern, and

wrote a note to Mr. Payne, asking him to meet him. When Payne came into the room, Washington put out his hand, and said, 'I was wrong yesterday ; I want to be right to-day.' "

"I like that," said Patty.

"That was not all," said her mother. "Some years after, when everybody loved Washington, Payne had a matter on trial in Fairfax Court House. The lawyer on the other side tried to attack Payne's character, and, among other things, began to tell how he had treated Washington. The General was in the Court House. As soon as the lawyer had done speaking, he rose, spoke to the court, and took all the blame on himself. After the war was over, Payne wanted to see him again. When he drew near Mount Vernon, he began to tremble ; but Washington came to meet him with a smile, and carried him to his wife. 'Here' is a little man,' said he, 'that I think a good deal of, for he once had the courage to knock me down!'"

"That is a good story," said Patty ; "but, mamma, what is that shed over there, and all those benches?"

"That is the market," said her mother. "It



is all over for to-day, and the people have gone away. When Washington lived at Mount Vernon, Alexandria was only a little village, and for a long time it went by the name of Bellhaven. The people of Bellhaven raised tobacco, but it was almost impossible to get anything nice to eat in the town. There were a few rich people who had fruit, vegetables, eggs, and chickens; but they thought it beneath them to sell such things, and all the rest had to go without. Soon after Washington was married, he sent in a market-cart twice a week, loaded with all the nice things on his farm. The little cart used to drive up to this very market, and as soon as it came in sight, everybody hurried to get something good. The people thought it very kind, because it was a good deal of trouble to Washington, and very little profit. Other gentlemen soon followed his example, and the people of Bellhaven had enough to eat."

They were passing the Marshall House at this moment, and Mrs. Gray asked Patty if she recollected what had happened there.

Patty shuddered. She remembered very well how Colonel Ellsworth hurried up those stairs to

plant the Union flag on the roof, where rebel colors floated. As he came down the master of the house shot him. The place where Ellsworth fell is shown to strangers, but Patty did not want to see it. She went into the Museum with her mother for a moment, and saw some beautiful china which had once belonged to Washington, and the collar and apron which had been sent to him from Nantes. She saw also the bier on which his coffin had once rested; but these things seemed like toys. She could not think of them as belonging to the great man whom everybody loved.

Soon after they came out of the Museum, mamma showed her a small building, which she called the Academy. This is a charity school, founded by Washington. He gave four thousand dollars to it, and by the income of this sum fifteen boys are educated. Washington left some money in his will to found a university in the capital. He did not like to see boys sent abroad to be educated, if they were to live in America. The money which he left in this way had been given to him by the State of Virginia, but he refused to receive it for his own use.

Patty was too tired to walk far, and Tony led the way to Newton's Hotel. The room that he had engaged for Mrs. Gray was in the part called the Carey House.

"Look at it before we go in," said Mrs. Gray to Patty. "It is the house in which Washington met General Braddock. At that time it stood in a noble garden, which sloped down to the river, and it was shaded by lofty oaks. All the royal governors came here to meet Braddock."

Patty looked up at the old-fashioned house. It had a wide stoop before the door, nicely railed in, and a broad balustrade ran round the roof. It looked very much like some of the old houses in Cambridge; and when Patty said so, mamma replied that "the house in which the poet Longfellow lived was very much like it, and built about the same time." Patty wondered where the round paving-stones came from, that made the streets of Alexandria look so much like Boston.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE ENTRANCE GATES.

PATTY had a good sound sleep in the old-fashioned bed at the Carey House. She ate her breakfast in a panelled room, where, it is said, Washington once sat, with all the royal governors. When it was over, she found a covered wagon waiting at the door to carry her to Mount Vernon.

Tony drove, and Patty sat on the front seat beside him. It was so chilly that Mrs. Gray was glad to wrap her fur cloak around her, and tuck up her feet in the bear-skin.

Patty asked Tony where he was going, and he said, "Over the Winchester turnpike."

When they had gone a little way, they overtook some heavy wagons, and some women, who had been to Alexandria to market.

Patty thought the wagons looked like big covered boats.

The market women wore their usual short clothes, and sat on high, hard saddles, covered with thick woollen cloths, which fell down over the horses. One of the women carried a large washing-tub on her knees, and a bag was tied to her crupper. The other had slung a bag of meal behind her, and carried two hoes crossed in front.

The horses kicked up such a dust on the frozen road, and the women looked so exactly like two feather beds, that Patty felt as if she could not care much about them. Pretty soon, however, Tony turned off the road to water his horses at a beautiful brook. The women heard the wheels of the carriage crush the thin ice that had gathered among the pebbles, and turned half round.

Then Patty caught a glimpse of their jolly, good-humored faces, and loved them at once. Where had they been all through the war? It seemed as if they could not look so comfortable, if they knew what had happened. Then Patty looked at the brook. It ran across the road, over bright pebbles, and deepened into a still basin under some trees. The trunk of an old tree lay across it like a mossy bridge.

"Patty," said mamma, "when I went over this road, twenty years ago, there were a dozen little white boys bathing in this brook. They jumped up and down in the hot June air, and were as happy as so many fishes."

Patty laughed. As Tony drove on, they passed a good many brooks, and the round stones over which the water flowed made the horse slip.

"Mamma," said Patty, without stopping to think, "we don't have brooks like these at home;" and when Patty said "at home," she meant in Boston.

"You would not mind them at home," said Mrs. Gray, smiling, "for they would be bridged over. Here you drive right through them."

It was a very pretty road. Every now and then the trees opened, and they could see the river, or catch a distant view of Alexandria. Mamma showed Patty shady spots under the trees, where lovely wild flowers grow in summer; and when they had gone over a little bit of rough road, and been shaken almost to death, they drove into a real forest.

"What sort of a road is that?" said Patty, as soon as she could speak.

"That's *corduroy*," said Tony.

"And corduroy," said Mrs. Gray, laughing at Patty's worried look, "is a road made of logs laid across the path, and looking a little like the coarse cloth they call by the same name. This is the very place that was so full of locusts in that hot summer day. Don't you remember, Patty, that I told you a carriage full of ladies called out to us, when we had caught one, and begged us to tell them if it said Peace or War?"

"What did that mean?" said Patty. It seemed as if she had forgotten her mother's story.

"These locusts, that are thought to come only once in seventeen years," said her mother, "have very large wings, and the stout membranes that support them make a clear W on the creature's back. Superstitious people think that means that the country will have war, and they are always looking for a P. They think that would mean peace."

"Was there ever a P?" said Patty.

"No," said her mother, "I think not. There could not be, unless there were a locust made

on a new pattern. But, oh ! what a noise they did make, Patty, that hot day ! The earth was full of the grubs, and the hogs were rooting them up all through the woods. As soon as the grubs come up out of the ground, they split down the back and the flies come out. The little transparent jackets were left hanging on the leaves all the way. It seemed as if the locusts had had a big wash, and left it out to dry ! ”

Although Tony had a pretty good horse, they were nearly two hours in getting to Mount Vernon. The road to Winchester passes behind the house and grounds, for Washington's lawn stretched down to the river. I think Patty was a good deal disappointed when Tony stopped and waited for some one to open the gate.

There were two lodges — little ten-foot houses — covered with plaster, that had once been yellowwashed. The roof of each of them was rather steep, and there was something like a pineapple on the top. But what troubled Patty was the dreary look of the ruined houses. There had never been more than a single door and window to each of them. The window



seemed to have been closed, in its best days, by a wooden shutter, and the chimney was built outside the house. It was the first time little Patty had seen a chimney built in such a fashion.

"Mamma," said she, "what do they do it for?"

"I suppose to keep the house cool," said Mrs. Gray. "It was always done in hot countries, and the fashion travelled North."

"Did Washington expect anybody to live in there?" said Patty.

"Some of the freed people are there now," said Tony, as a little child came out and opened the gate: "and very glad they are to get there; the chimney's better than any they can build."

"And you must remember, Patty," said Mrs. Gray, "that at first all the grand houses, but Mount Vernon itself, had chimneys on the outside. I have heard it said that the Virginia people were very much astonished when Laurence Washington built the first house and shut in the chimneys."

"Nobody but slaves could live *there*," said

Patty, looking back sadly. "Mamma, what became of Washington's slaves?"

"I cannot tell you," said Mrs. Gray; "he left them their freedom after Mrs. Washington's death. Christopher, the body-servant, who was with him at the time of his death, was pensioned by Congress. He lived to be one hundred and fourteen years old, and died on the 9th of June, 1843, when I was at Mount Vernon."

"Mamma," said Patty, in a low voice, "do you think they *were* set free?"

"Not all of them, I am afraid," said Mrs. Gray; "certainly not the children, for as late as 1843, there were several on the place who had been born there before Washington died."

"Mamma," said Patty, as they drove on, over a very rough road, and between two long rows of trees that looked very much neglected, "mamma, did George Washington care for poor people? Did he ever give anything away?"

"Not to beggars," said Mrs. Gray; "but he was very kind to the poor. There was a room in his house set apart for them, and he thought so much of the value of a poor man's time, that

he never kept one waiting. He never deceived the poor with delays. If he could not do what they wished, he would say so at once. The words 'Come again' were never heard at Mount Vernon. Most of the poor people in this region live on bacon. The river is full of little fish, — a kind of herring, that are excellent food, — but the poor have no boats nor nets, and so they cannot catch them. As long as Washington lived, he kept a boat, and a very costly net, called a *seine*, on purpose for the poor people; and he gave them the use of one of his best fisheries. If the boat drifted away, or the net broke, Washington considered it his place to replace both. The people along shore called the herring '*small-boned bacon*,' and thought it a great luxury."

"I like that," said Patty; "they had to work hard to get their dinners, after all; but I don't believe I should ever like fresh herring."

"They are very much like smelts," said Mrs. Gray; "but the poor people could pickle them in a great many ways, with brine, or vinegar and spice. It sometimes happened that the net was so full of fish that the poor people could

not haul it in alone. When that happened, Washington's own overseer was told to help them. You know Washington had a good many farms, or plantations. Each of his overseers had orders to fill one corn-house for the poor women and children in the neighborhood. Lund Washington, one of the General's relations, was manager at Mount Vernon, and he did the same. One year corn was very scarce; it was a dollar a bushel. Many people came near starving. After Lund had given away all the corn in the corn-house, the General told him to take all that could be spared from his own store; and when that was gone, he bought several hundred bushels to give away."

"Ah, mamma!" said Patty, her eyes glistening, "I shall like George Washington now; I begin to see why people liked him. Somehow, mamma, I can't think of George Washington helping the poor, or playing with little children."

"I do not think he ever gave much with his own hand, Patty," said her mother, "and so he lost a great pleasure; but he was naturally shy. When I was a young girl, his granddaughter,

Mrs. Peter, had white hair ; but I have often heard her say that it was a great trouble to him that children were afraid of him. When the little things were playing in his drawing-room, he would sit and watch them, and then, afraid that they were not happy, he would go quite away."

"Mamma," said Patty, "do you know any more nice stories?"

"I haven't told you about the cherry tree," said Mrs. Gray, mischievously.

"Oh, mamma," said Patty, "how can you spoil everything? There used to be a story about a *sorrel colt*," she added in a sort of asking way, "but I don't suppose that could be true? Why, that was very bad, indeed, as bad as any boy; and, mamma, you said he spoke *hot* words to Mr. Payne. I didn't know he *could* do such things."

"I reckon he killed that sorrel colt," said Tony, speaking up; "we've often heard of it, down here, and, begging your pardon, Miss Patty, it was just like he. Do you see that bit of a field yonder, between that fence and the edge of the woods?"

Patty peeped through the avenue, and saw what Tony pointed out.

"Well," said Tony, "the General could get in a passion, they say, as well as another. He killed his mother's favorite colt when he was not more than twelve years' old, just because he wouldn't be beat. If he hadn't made anything of himself afterwards, you'd have jes called him a bad boy; but in that field yonder he did something quite as silly after he was a grown man. He had a great notion of improving things. One spring he invented a new plough, and the very minute the last nail was druv in it, what must he do but try it on to a field? Well, the mules and the cattle were off down the river, a half dozen miles. They would have been home in an hour; but the General wouldn't wait; so the finest pair of carriage horses in the county must be harnessed into the new plough, and set to tearing through that field."

"Did it hurt 'em?" said Patty.

"Mrs. Washington thought so," said Tony, grimly; "she said they never got their paces after."

"Who told you?" said Patty again.

"West Ford," said Tony; "but anybody might; it's just one of the stories round the place."

"Did you ever hear any more, Tony?" said Mrs. Gray. "There are very few in the lives of the General that have been written. The life of Washington is the history of his country, and those who write about him seldom tell such stories as children like to hear."

"I was thinking of one story, Miss Sophie," said Tony, "when you was a telling little miss about the nets for the herring. You've heerd of the Sweet Springs down here in Virginia, where the ladies go in summer. Before the General was married, he used to go there every year for a while, and so did all the quality round; but it wasn't only the quality. The Springs were reckoned that good, that poor people would sell their clothes to get there; and then they had nothing to eat. Many of them lived in wretched little huts in the woods, so that they might drink the water and get well. The rich people did not fare very well; and every year a French baker went up there, and made a fortune selling bread and cake.

It was curious to see the servants come with their big baskets every morning, all dressed in velvet and gold lace; but there were a great many poor folks, too, — yellow-looking folks, — that could hardly expect to get well. Jes before the war, there was an old farmer from Western Pennsylvany went up to the Springs to get cured of a rheumatis'. He hadn't sent no word beforehand, and he couldn't get no lodging; so he was glad to get on with a mattress in the baker's hut."

"Didn't they have hotels?" said Patty.

"There were only taverns in those days," said Mrs. Gray, answering for Tony; "the poor people built log huts, and the rich built or hired a few cottages, only fit for the hot weather."

"The old farmer used to watch the boys coming for their bread," continued Tony; "but he saw that while they paid for their bread in silver, there were a lot of poor white trash who jes came in, nodded to the baker, and went away with the very best bread without paying anything. At last he thought Stophel, the baker, must be a fool, and so he told him.

"'Why am I a fool?' said the baker.



"'Because you give away the best part of your bread,' said the farmer.

"'Not I,' said the baker; 'it is Cunnel Washington. He says these poor folks are sure to lose their lives, and they mustn't be let lose money, too. Last year, when he went away, he paid me eighty dollars for the bread such folks had taken.'"

Patty's eyes were full of tears. Her active little brain had already drawn the picture of the summer woods, the sparkling waters, and the gay carriages, among which Washington rode proudly on his spirited horse. She saw the baker's hut, the long board on a couple of barrels that was his finest counter, and the rough old farmer, watching the poor creatures who carried away the bread.

"How much trouble he took!" she said, at last.

"I am glad you see that," said her mother. "I always respect those who refuse to give to idle beggars at the door, yet take a great deal of trouble to find the worthy poor in their own homes."

"The baker said, as those poor folks didn't know the Cunnel by sight," said Tony.

Patty did not seem to have anything to say, and Tony went on : —

"Down here in Virginny they didn't care much about the soldier, little missy ; it was the man. He was always busy : there was never a farm in the State bore so much as his, when he was alive to look after it. They say his men didn't think more of the battles he gained than of a stone he sent skipping along the river in York State, where not another man could do it. He never spared trouble if a thing ought to be done. There was an old English soldier left alive after Braddock's defeat. He had been the General's servant, and Washington took him back to Mount Vernon with him. By and by he married, and Washington built him a house. He never seemed to know what to do after the fighting was over ; but he lived long after the General, and I've heard my mother say that all the children in the county used to go and sit on the bench outside his door, to hear him tell about fighting the Indians."

"Was your mother born at Mount Vernon?" said Patty.

"No," said Tony. "She belonged to one of

the Fairfax places, about six miles off; but she could tell many a story about Lady Washington."

"Where is the old soldier's place now?" said Patty.

"Minnie lives in it," said Tony. "Miss Sophie, we're just outside the avenue. Shall I go off to Minnie's now, or will you like a look at the old place first?"

"Can you get down to the foot of the bank?" said Mrs. Gray. "If we could drive up from the landing, Patty would see the place as most strangers see it for the first time."

So Tony whipped up his horse, and they twisted out of the half frozen ruts, and drove over the cold grass a little way, till Tony turned entirely round, and got into a narrow track, which led to the little wharf where the summer steamer stops. Then Patty looked up with eager eyes. The first thing she saw was a rough arch of stones starting out of the high bank at the foot of the lawn. It was shaded with large trees, and a fence ran across the top. The arch itself was choked with bushes. Patty thought she had often seen a culvert under a

country road that looked exactly like this old tomb. Doesn't anybody know what a culvert is? Well, there is the dictionary in the library, and papa himself sitting before the fire. Won't he be glad to have you climb his knee to ask?

Mrs. Gray told Patty that the General left orders in his will for the building of a new tomb, but no one heeded them. His coffin really lay in this old one for thirty years, and then some foolish person broke in and tried to steal the body.

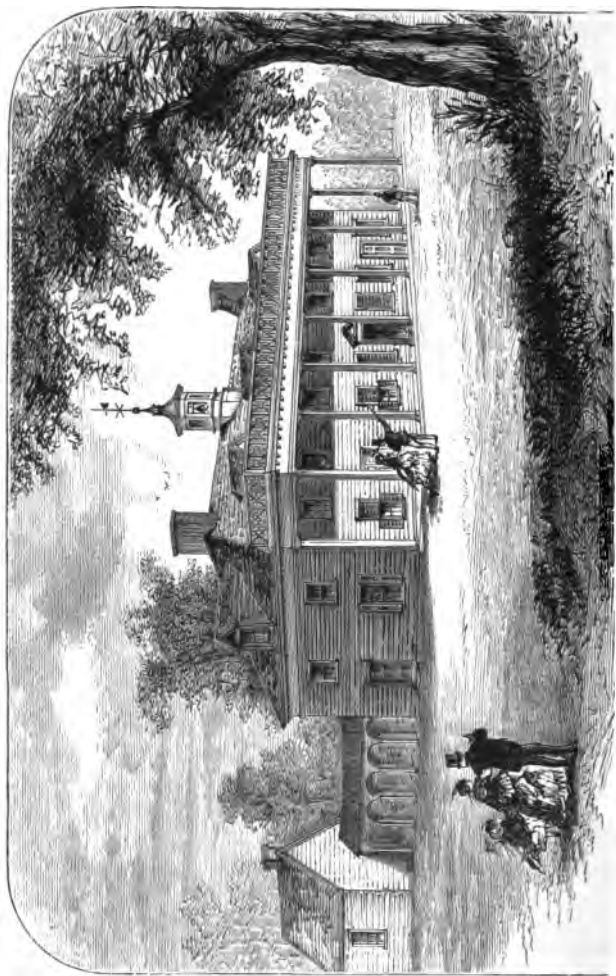
"Why, what could anybody have done with it?" said Patty, opening her eyes wide.

"I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. Gray; "but then they built the new tomb at the foot of this vineyard, just where Washington desired. Until *he* lay in the old tomb it had no door. After every burial it was walled up with brick; but when Washington died, his Secretary, Mr. Lear, had a door put up."

"Mamma," said Patty, after a moment's thought, "how did Washington come by Mount Vernon, any how? Didn't one of his brothers give it to him?"

"He got it because of his sweet temper and





MOUNT VERNON AS WASHINGTON LEFT IT. FROM THE RIVER.

self-control," said Mrs. Gray. "His father had two sons by a first wife — Laurence and Augustine. He died when George was eleven years old, and he was rich enough to leave a farm to each of his boys. He left the Hunting Creek farm to Laurence, who married pretty Annie Fairfax, and went there to live. But he was even then dying. His sickness was called consumption; but it made him very irritable, and his brother Augustine had so little patience with his whims and sufferings, that Laurence soon learned to care more for his half brother. George went to Barbadoes with him, and watched by him when he was dying. Laurence had one little daughter, and when she died, Mount Vernon came to George by her father's will."

At this moment they came within a full view of the house, as it looks out upon the river. Patty saw a plain two-storey house, painted yellow. A piazza, as high as the eaves of the house, ran across the whole front; and the roof of the piazza was railed in, so that it was safe to walk on. As the carriage moved a little, Patty saw that there was a group of houses behind,

which seemed connected with it by a sort of arched walk. The house had a centre and two wings; but it was of the same height throughout, and had a sort of cupola on the roof.

"Mamma," said Patty, looking up, "what is that? It can't be an observatory, for I see something inside, and it is all open. There is no glass in the windows."

"It was meant for a belfry," said Mrs. Gray. "When Laurence Washington built the house, there were only two crossed beams, and the bell hung by them; but when George Washington fitted it up for himself, he built that little belfry to cover it."

"What was the bell for?" said Patty.

"All old Southern houses have bells upon them," said Mrs. Gray. "They gave notice of insurrection, or fire, or any other alarm. When there were no near neighbors, they were very necessary."

"Mamma," said Patty, suddenly, "how odd it must have been for Washington to have been dressed up in fine clothes in such a plain old house as that!"

"It has never been kept up since Washington



died," said Mrs. Gray. "It is small, and never could have been very stylish; but if every field about it was cultivated to the very utmost, if all the fences were in perfect order, and all the paths smooth, it would seem quite in keeping with Mrs. Washington's 'brocades,' and Miss Custis's 'egrets.'"

"Would it, mamma?" said Patty, doubtfully; "but I suppose it was warm weather a great deal of the time, and they came out and looked at the river, and perhaps they played graces with those little French rings on the lawn — or ball. I wonder if it was Washington who painted the house yellow?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gray. "It has been so ever since I can recollect."

## CHAPTER XI.

## ON THE WAY TO THE NORTH ROOM.

AS the wagon wound in among the trees, Patty came upon a group of houses which had been lately built. The "Quarter," as the home of the slaves on a farm is always called, was well built at Mount Vernon; but the cabins were also close to the family house. These new huts had been put up in the woods by the freed people; and Minnie's hut, built for the old soldier by Washington himself, was best of all. It was made of slabs of *concrete*, which looked like solid stone, and had three rooms in it, beside the kitchen. *Concrete* is a mixture of lime and pebbles, which is very strong. The Spaniards built all their forts of it, when they first came to the country.

Minnie was a bright little mulatto woman, almost as pretty as Judy herself. She knew

Mrs. Gray was coming, and stood in the warm sun, on her door-stone, looking out for the carriage. Her best room had been warmed with a wood fire on the open hearth, and there was a nice white quilt on her bed. The fire was very needful, and so indeed was a good lamp; for there was no glass in the window, and it was necessary to shut the thick oaken shutter over it to keep out the cold.

They came up behind the house, over the grass; and Patty saw Minnie before Minnie caught a glimpse of the wagon. She had her hand over her eyes, shading them from the sun; and, as she tilted her body back and forth to the music of her own voice, Patty heard her sing, —

“ We’s e gwine to de Ferry —  
De bell done ringing, done ringing, done ringing!  
Trust to de believer —  
De bell done ringing!  
’Tis a misty morning —  
Oh, de bell done ringing!  
Satan is ahind me —  
De bell done ringing, done ringing, done ringing!”

Minnie’s voice was sweet and sad. It was the first time Patty had heard a negro sing, when nobody was by. This chant sounded very

different from the songs the children sang in the school-houses to amuse her. Before she knew it there were tears in her eyes.

They drew up to the house, and although Minnie had never seen Mrs. Gray, she came forward to meet her with a smiling face; for she knew how much Tony and Judy loved her.

The black bags were carried into the warm room, and Mrs. Gray said, with a smile, —

"I am afraid you have been very hard at work for me, Minnie. We shall stay so little while you need not have done much."

"Not hard," said Minnie, waving a white napkin that she took off the water-pitcher. "Not hard, only *jes enough for stretch*; but when you have washed your hand, lady, there's an early dinner waiting."

Neither Patty nor her mother were hungry; but they could not refuse the fried chicken, the white bread, the sweet pickles, nor the hot sponge-cake, with a frothy sauce, which Minnie made ready. Minnie was not poor; her husband was a smart workman, and always fully employed, and as she had no little babies to keep her busy, it gave her great pleasure to

entertain Tony's friends. The bear-skin was taken out of the wagon, and laid under Mrs. Gray's feet, to keep them off the clay floor. When Patty had eaten all she wanted, she went to the door to look out while she was waiting for her mother. Just outside, on the old soldier's bench, was a rough-looking white man. "Where are you going, little girl?" said he, somewhat astonished to see a little white child in Minnie's cabin.

"I am not going anywhere," said Patty. "I've just come here to see where George Washington lived."

"That's what *I* came for," said the man. "I've been working in the ile region off west, and when I saw a G. W. on the trees I always knew it stood for *good work*. Virginia gave him thirty thousand acres of land out there, and most every bit of it he'd surveyed himself afore-hand."

"I did not know Washington ever went to the oil region," said Patty.

"No more did I," said the man, cutting a quid of tobacco. "Never dreamed of such a thing till I see it. They say he was only

eighteen when he surveyed all that wilderness ; and I thought I'd like to see the boy that could do it."

"It must have been a hundred years ago," said Patty, thinking.

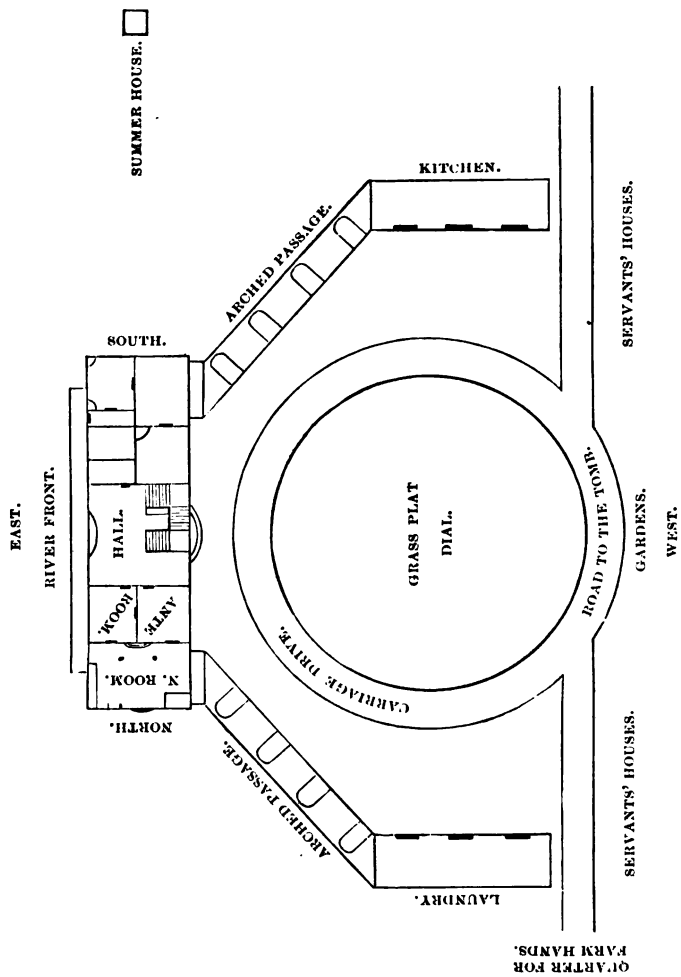
"Yes," returned the stranger, as he walked away ; "and Virginia hain't got no such surveyors nowadays."

In a few moments Mrs. Gray came to the door. Tony had driven off with the wagon, and Patty and her mother began to walk toward the great house. The first business was to draw a plan of the house, so that Patty might understand it all, and not get confused about it when she went home.

They went up to the front piazza, and sat down on some broad settees, from which they could see the beautiful river, and where the warm winter sun shone upon them.

It seemed as if their steps started millions of birds. There was such a cooing and cuddling over head as nobody ever heard before. Mamma thought nothing but swallows could be there so late ; but Patty was sure she saw a blue-bird and a little brown wren.





OF AFTER FOR  
 FARM HANDS.



As soon as she sat down, she saw that the floor of the piazza was paved with slates, very much broken.

"Mamma," said Patty, "are these the stones Washington sent to England for?"

"Yes," said her mother; "and it is quite clear that he did not get what he asked for. These are not Whitehaven flags."

"Perhaps they were cheaper," said Patty, merrily; and then mamma took a piece of card out of her pocket, and began to draw a *Plan*, like that you will see on the opposite page.

She drew the house first, just as Laurence Washington built it, with the great hall and four rooms on the first floor.

As soon as you step into the hall—which goes through the whole house—you find another door at the opposite end, under a heavy carved stairway. It opens back into the garden. Just in the middle of this hall, on each side, are two doors, very close together. In warm weather, with both the large doors open, there could not be a much pleasanter place than this old hall. There hung the ancient lantern, and all around were pictures, sent by kings and

princes from abroad ; and on brackets along the wall were busts of Cæsar, and Frederick, and many more, whose names were down in little Matty's note-book, when Patty looked over her shoulder. This hall was wainscoted, and a carved cornice ran along the ceiling. Mamma said that when Patty looked at it, she would see how carefully the house was built.

Mrs. Gray began to draw the hall on the eastern side, where the long piazza is, with its tall, square pillars reaching to the eaves. When you step inside, and turn to your right, you find the two doors opening into two small parlors, which serve as entrances to the beautiful North Room, which Washington added on that side. These ante-rooms were all the parlors his brother Laurence needed. If you go to the two doors at your left, you find a small breakfast-room, with a flight of stairs leading up from it to Washington's private study, and a parlor, with a buffet full of china and glass. These were just as Laurence left them ; but back of them Washington had added a space equal to the great North Room on the other side, and he made it into two rooms. One was his library,

the other a small chamber, with a low, old-fashioned bed in it, where he always lay down after dinner. From this small room a little passage was cut off, and a door led out from it to the broad piazza, so people could come to see the General on business without disturbing the rest of the house. The small rooms to the left—the South Wing, as they used to be called—were seldom shown; for as long as any of the family lived at Mount Vernon they were in daily use.

Patty asked what a buffet was. Mamma said it was a three-sided closet, with glass doors, fitted into the corner of a room, to hold china and glass, beautiful enough to show; and then Patty said, in her usual old-fashioned way, —

“Mamma, what a queer word! What does it mean?”

“It is, indeed, a queer word,” said her mother; “it is one of the words whose meaning is almost forgotten. It was a Spanish word, and it meant a *wine-skin*.”

“Oh, mamma!” said Patty, “it can’t be that! What could a wine-skin have to do with a closet?”

"The wine-skin held wine," said her mother ; "by and by they put the pretty decanters and glasses into this closet, and called it by the same name. At last the wine was given up, and only silver and china were shown in the buffet."

Between the two doors that led to the family rooms, mamma told Patty she would now find the key of the Bastile, under a glass case ; but Mrs. Gray said that, when she was a little girl, the key hung on the nail which Washington drove, and where Lafayette, on his last visit, hung it with his own hand. No visitor was allowed to touch it.

"What did he give it to Washington for?" said Patty.

"Because the Bastile was a prison," said Mrs. Gray, "in which powerful and wicked princes could shut up those who offended them. When Lafayette saw the people tear down its walls, he believed that there would never be such another in France ; but he was mistaken."

"The Hall used to be full of all sorts of chairs," said Mrs. Gray, "and Washington's

big spy-glass hung opposite the key. The doors below the spy-glass opened into the two ante-rooms. *We* should call them very small rooms; they were not more than fifteen feet square; but they were curtained with blue silk damask, fringed with white and crimson. The curtains came from France; and there were handsome old arm-chairs to match them. The walls of these two rooms were once covered with fine pictures; and under an engraving of St. Agnes was a portrait of Washington, called the *pitcher portrait*."

Mrs. Gray told Patty that this likeness had always been thought the very best ever made of the General, and Patty wondered how that could be.

Mrs. Gray told her that Stuart painted a charming picture of Washington for the Marquis of Lansdowne, which was beautifully engraved. Some common earthen pitchers were made in Liverpool, with copies of Stuart's picture on the side. They were so carefully painted, that they looked like enamel. If you want to know what enamel is like, you must go and see the picture of herself which Queen Victoria sent to Mr. Peabody.

A Mr. Dorsey, who was a refiner of sugar in Philadelphia, saw these pictures, and tried in a great many ways to break them smoothly out. At last he succeeded, by using a big, broad hammer, such as is used by a shoe-maker.

Now Mrs. Gray had finished her plan. If you look over Patty's shoulder, you will see that the two small rooms, on the north side, that I have described, open into each other, and also into the large north parlor. Between the doors in the North Room was set the beautiful marble mantel-piece, sent from London to Washington by Samuel Vaughan.

"When I first went to Mount Vernon," said Mrs. Gray, "Mrs. Jane Washington told me that it was sent by Lafayette; and she gave me a letter to read, in which Washington thanked Lafayette for the trouble he had taken about a mantel-piece, and said he was afraid that he had just received one which would be too handsome to use. After a while," said Mrs. Gray, "I found out how this mistake was made. Washington asked Lafayette to make inquiries for him, and Mr. Vaughan heard of these

inquiries, and sent this beautiful thing, that he had just received for himself, directly to Mount Vernon. I don't wonder Washington thought it was too handsome; but you will see it in a moment."

There were two little round marks opposite the fireplace on Mrs. Gray's plan, and Patty asked what they were. Her mother said they were embroidered satin screens, to keep off the heat of the fire.

Just at this moment Mrs. Gray looked up, and saw Minnie at the door. Mrs. Gray knew that she was waiting for her. The ladies who take care of Mount Vernon had gone to Washington on business, and Minnie kept the house open and warm while they were gone; and now she was ready to show it to Mrs. Gray.

She opened the heavy door wide, and Patty, with her little heart beating fast, stepped into the hall. Her first feeling was one of disappointment; the roof seemed low, and there was a look of decay which chilled her.

"If you had seen other places in Virginia," said her mother, reading the little girl's face, "you would know better what a fine hall this

is. You know Jefferson built a fine house at Monticello, and he was thought to be a man of great taste. His house was twenty-four feet longer, and twenty feet wider, than Washington's; but it was not comfortable. His hall was only twenty feet square, and had a gallery at the back, as if the servants were to stand there and watch the company on the floor. He spent a great many thousand dollars in putting down inlaid floors of mahogany, live oak, and yellow pine; but he had not a single fireplace cut out in straight lines."

"Why, mamma!" said Patty; but she trod quietly round the old hall, and looked at a fine old picture of a hawk and bird, that had been left hanging under the stairway, with great pleasure. "It was a handsome stairway," she said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "but that at Monticello was only two feet wide."

Patty looked into the small rooms used by the family; but a leaky refrigerator stood in one, and the water was dribbling all over the floor. It did not look comfortable. She shut the door quickly, and mamma opened one of those leading into the North Wing.



The first thing she saw was the pitcher portrait, and that was a real pleasure.

"Mamma," said Patty, "he looks more like a minister than ever."

"He would not allow any pictures of himself here when he was living," said Mrs. Gray; "this was hung here after his death."

Then Mrs. Gray made Patty look at the doors. She showed her how beautifully strong and perfect the woodwork was, and that the heavy hinges had an upward movement, so that, when the door was opened, it swung up, and cleared the carpet. Washington might have had Turkey rugs if he liked, and the doors would never have rumbled them up.

"A great deal of money was spent in this house, Patty," said Mrs. Gray, "but it was not spent in inlaid floors, or ball-rooms with arched roofs, as at Monticello. A great many people would pass these hinges and never mind them; but thorough work was what Washington loved; it gave him perfect comfort."

"Mamma," said Patty, "did Mr. Jefferson send to England for his paving-stones?"

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Gray, laughing; "he

was wiser than Washington about that : he used mountain slate from the hill-sides just by his house."

"Did you hear what that man said who came from the oil region?" continued Patty. "Do you know, mamma, how George Washington came out there?"

"Lord Fairfax ordered him to survey the wood land," said her mother; "and after the Indian war was over, either Congress or Virginia gave him thirty thousand acres of land in that very region. If it could have been kept, it would have been of great value; but it was sold soon after his death. I have heard that one man of the name of Washington still lives near the mouth of the river."

Just as Mrs. Gray said this, she turned Patty gently round, and showed her the most charming thing she had ever seen. It was Mr. Vaughan's mantel-piece; and if Patty lives to be a hundred years old, and travels every year of her life, I don't think she will ever see a prettier sight in its kind.

This mantel-piece is a broad, fair shelf of white marble, supported on three slabs. The central

slab stands out, and the others slope back to tablets of Egyptian marble, supported by elegant fluted pillars. Behind these pillars the wall is faced with the agate marble of the Potomac quarry. All the edges of the shelf are exquisitely cut and polished.

The central slab is the most beautiful. It represents a peasant with his wife and child driving home a cow and a large flock of sheep. In the distance the sun is setting, and the sheep are huddling into a fold. A dog is jumping playfully about the child. The mother seems to carry a tired lamb upon her head.

Patty was perfectly delighted with this carving. She put her little fingers round the neck of the great sheep, and patted the little dog. It did not seem to her that there ever could be anything more charming.

On the left hand slab a child was harnessing a pair of horses into a plough, and a little dog was watching. On the right Patty saw a little cottage and an old-fashioned well. A woman was filling a tub with water from this well, and a pile of vegetables lay near, which she was going to wash in it. Her little child had filled

her apron with some of them, and was munching a turnip. A little way off a pig poked its nose out of the sty. Patty enjoyed it all with wondering delight. It was some time before she could see the exquisite contrast of the snowy sculpture with the colored marbles, or look at the hearth, inlaid with a beautiful plum-colored stone. There was a narrow mirror above the mantel, two old-fashioned lamps, and some small blue vases, a little like the grand ones Patty could remember at Arlington. These had not been taken away. Mrs. Gray drew her attention to the high grate, which would hold several bushels of coal.

"I believe it was made in Washington's time," she said; "but it would have melted the guests if it had held coal. I can't think he ever burnt coal in it. I don't think it was used in Virginia then. It must have been a contrivance of his own for burning wood."

"I wonder what Mr. Jefferson would say to that!" said Patty, with her eyes on the sheep.

"Mr. Jefferson cared for science, for collections of minerals, and coins, and such things," said her mother, "with now and then some curi-

ous bit of elegant luxury. Washington cared only to improve his fields and the condition of his people. At home, he cared most for comfort."

Then Mrs. Gray made Patty look at the room, thirty feet long and about twenty wide, with its beautiful carved cornices. There was a very large window opposite the mantel, and two long windows at each end of the room. There was Nelly Custis's harpsichord in one corner, with its two banks of keys. Mrs. Gray told Patty how the poor little girl used to sit before it, and cry and play, and play and cry, and Patty pitied her very much, and was more sure than ever that she never could have loved "Lady Washington."

Then Mrs. Gray went across the room, and unfastened the heavy window, and threw it up. She wanted Patty to look at the rope and the pulleys, and see with what beautiful ease it moved.

"These are the ropes Washington put in," said Mrs. Gray; "they have been in use for seventy years, and I don't believe there are any

as firm and smooth in all New England. All these things came across the water."

"I don't like to leave the sheep," said Patty, looking back as they went out of the room; "but, mamma, all the rooms seem small: where did they eat when they had so much company?"

"In this beautiful North Room," said Mrs. Gray, "or in the long hall. Laurence Washington's beautiful sideboard stood under the stairs."

"You did not make a plan of the rooms up stairs?" said Patty, as if to ask why.

"No," said her mother, "I never saw them all open; but Minnie will show us the room in which Washington died."

They went up stairs into a large, plain room, with a wide, open fireplace, and fine windows.

"Patty," said her mother, while Patty looked silently round, — "Patty, at Monticello the best chamber was only eight feet high, with small, square windows. There was a sort of niche built into one corner to receive the bed, and bits of wood called *cleats* were nailed on to the wall

to receive the slats on which the beds were spread."

"How horrid!" said Patty; "how could they ever make them up nice?" and then she added, with sparkling eyes, "I guess Mrs. Custis was the best housekeeper."

As they stood in the large empty chamber, Mrs. Gray said, —

"Do you remember the great bed on which Washington died, Patty? I think you saw it at the Patent Office?"

"Oh, yes!" said Patty; "it was a big four-poster; the frame was very slender. It looked as if it ought to have curtains; and the pillows were just as big!"

"Those pillows show how much the General thought of comfort," said her mother. "No one else used square pillows then, but he wanted them to support his shoulders; and the bed was six feet wide — two feet wider than any that are made now."

As they went down through the entry, Minnie made Patty look at one or two pieces of handsome china, in the little buffet, in the small parlor. She said the ladies who took care of

the house had bought these at auction, but they had once belonged to Washington.

One of the dishes was banded about with blue, and in the middle of it was a picture of a woman blowing a trumpet, beautifully painted.

On another were the names of all the thirteen States, and the initials of Mrs. Washington's name daintily colored.

Patty thought these very pretty. Her mother told her that, instead of mats, General Washington used silver trays upon his table. The largest trays were at the top and bottom of the table, and filled with beautiful figures cut in alabaster. The tallest of these figures held a vase, in which flowers were arranged, and sometimes delicate vines were laid over the cloth.

"Was that at Mount Vernon?" said Patty, a little bewildered.

"No," said mamma, "it was in Philadelphia, when he was at the head of the nation, and honored his guests in all graceful ways. I do not think those figures were ever seen at Mount Vernon."

Minnie threw open the door at the back of



the hall. Patty bounded into the porch, and looked out on a circular plat of grass.

From each end of the house, a covered walk led to the kitchen and laundry. This was supported by graceful arches and paved with stone.

## CHAPTER XII.

## OUT UNDER THE TREES.

THERE was no piazza on the west side of the house. There was a square porch, but it was not there in the General's time. In his day, there was only the plainest of plain doors, without even a pent-house over it to ward off the falling drops; without the smallest finish to give a little air to the entrance, at which the grandest visitor must step out of his carriage. As Patty stood there looking out, Mrs. Gray sat down on the step, and drew a roll of paper out of her pocket.

Patty sat down beside her, and Minnie stood a few steps from them, on the circular walk, with the warm sun falling on her uncovered head, as colored people like to feel it. Then mamma showed Patty an exact copy of the plan by which George Washington once laid out his grounds.

First came the round grass plat, which lay just under their feet. The arched walks curved round it, and ended in the kitchen and the laundry, which were exactly opposite each other. Opposite the end of each of these two was a house for the servants to sleep in, and a road ran between, now called "the road to the tomb." Beyond the circular plat, the ground sloped away to the old entrances, through one of which Tony had driven when Patty came.

Just where the houses of the servants stood, two winding paths started, and led down to the queer old yellow lodges. These paths were bordered with trees; and against each tree-mark on the plan Washington had written the name of the tree to be planted. He knew exactly what tree he wanted in each place; no other would do quite as well.

Half way down each of these winding paths, a gate opened: that on the right opened into the flower garden; that on the left, into the vegetable garden. At the corners of these two gardens were little ornamental and eight-sided buildings, very pretty to look at, but meant to hold tools, garden seeds, and other useful things. The

foundations of these little houses were of brick, and the upper parts were of plank, finished to look like stone. Washington sent to England for his tools, and they were so good that many of them are still in use. Round both of the gardens heavy brick walls were built, and these were so strong that they are now in perfect order. On the north side of the garden were the large green-houses in which Washington took a great deal of pride, and for which the captains of the little sloops which came to carry his tobacco and wheat to the West Indies, used to bring all sorts of tropical plants.

Mrs. Gray told Patty, that when she first came to Mount Vernon there was quite a little grove of lemon trees, a century plant, and a sago palm, which Washington had planted; but these were only protected in some rude way in winter, and most of them were now dead. The green-house was destroyed by fire, one dreadfully cold night in December, 1835, and the servants' houses on that side, also. The green-house has never been rebuilt. The ruins form a part of the garden wall; and as they are overgrown by a great tangle of vines and bushes,

Patty thought they would be the *prettiest* part, if it were not for two great ugly chimneys that they could see where they sat. These seemed to be too tall for the vines to conquer. Patty could hardly believe her mother, when she told her that the lawn between the two winding paths was half as large as Boston Common. It was nearly a mile to Minnie's cottage.

In the middle of the grass plat was a sun-dial, and great box hedges were still green along the alleys of both the gardens.

"Mamma," said Patty, "why did they have the kitchen so far away? You could never go out there to see about dinner, if it rained; and I should think the things would be ever so cold, coming all that long way."

"The kitchens at the South are generally a long way from the house," said Mrs. Gray. "This was partly to avoid the smell of the cooking, the heat of the fire, and the noise of the servants; and partly because ladies never did go to the kitchen to look after their dinners. You may be sure Mrs. Washington never ran through those alleys in the rain. As to the rest, I never tasted a dish very hot, at the South. I

suppose they don't care about it. Tea and coffee are always made upon the table."

"It's not a pretty kitchen," said Patty.

"It is new," said Mrs. Gray. "That which was standing in Washington's time was prettier, and looked more as if it belonged to the house. The doors and windows were arched."

"It's been fixed up a bit," said Minnie, who was listening; "I reckon that's all. At any rate, that's the very kitchen where the Marquis's big dog stole the ham. My mother always told *me* so, and she heard it from her mother, who was waiting at the table, and saw Lady Washington turn white, she was so angry."

"What is the story, Minnie?" said Mrs. Gray, for Patty's eyes had opened wide.

"Well, lady, it was just about the time the grand mantel-piece came, and was set up in the North Room. The Marquis of Lafayette sent the General some splendid hounds. Before the war, there was a big kennel down by the river. There was a paling all round it, and a sweet spring of water there. And the Chief had pretty names for his dogs — 'Sweet-lips,' and 'Ringwood,' and 'True-love,' I've heard tell of, —

when the General went a hunting. But I reckon the place had gone to ruin in the war, like the old house itself; and when the great dogs came, they had to be chained up a while in the open air. They tore up the grass, and bit the trees; and Lady Washington, who liked everything orderly and quiet, wanted to have them shot, right off. The Chief, *he* said it wouldn't do; and he built a kennel away off, and kept them out of the lady's sight—till once there was a great dinner in the hall, of a warm summer's day. When Lady Washington sat down, with all the guests, there was no ham at the head of the table. The old butler hadn't dared to tell her beforehand; but Vulcan, the big hound that young Master Custis used to sit astride of, had rushed into the kitchen, and carried it off the minute the spit was out of it."

"Mamma," said Patty, as soon as she could stop laughing, "what had the spit to do with it? They don't roast hams—do they?"

"We must ask Minnie," said Mrs. Gray, smiling.

"Oh, yes!" said Minnie; "the Chief's hams were always roasted, and basted with wine till

they tasted all through of the liquor. At the Fairfaxes' — where my mother was brought up — they boiled their hams in wine, and then browned them before the fire, or in a big Dutch oven."

"Was Lady Washington angry?" said Patty.

"I bet she was," said Minnie, shaking her head. "Vulcan wasn't seen round very long, for all Master Custis just cried his eyes out."

Mrs. Gray was rising; for it was now late in the afternoon, when Patty caught a glimpse of something among the papers in her lap, and held it up.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "what is it?"

"Minnie will know," said Mrs. Gray; and she turned it toward the pretty young mulatto.

"Yes, indeed!" said Minnie; "that's the Judge's old waiter. Just as nateral as life! The very one who was so proud because he came here to the funeral, and took his larnin' of the old gardener that set the whole place up! Did you draw it, lady?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "but not because he was the Judge's servant: he was such a noble-looking negro. His features were fine and thin,



and his hair so curly and handsome! I knew one man in South Carolina a little like him; but I never saw another."

"What was his name?" said Patty, looking with pleasure at the picture.

"West Ford," said her mother.

"Mamma," said the little girl, "did you ever see any of Washington's slaves? Were any of them alive when you saw West Ford?"

"Yes," said her mother. "I saw old Billy, his favorite, who died when I was here, and an old woman, who lived at Arlington House; but neither of them could remember much. They used to prattle about *The Chief*."

They were going to walk through the garden; but Minnie drew them a little aside first. She went toward a grove of trees, hidden by the buildings, and showed a very large and strongly-built ice-house, half sunk in the soil.

"We're done proud of that," said she; "the Chief built it himself, the first anywhere in these parts."

"Mamma," said Patty, "where did people keep things before they had ice-houses?"

Minnie answered for Mrs. Gray.

"There was a dry well here, lady. I can show it to you now."

Mrs. Gray was willing; so they went round the house, and, a little to the south-east, on the high bank of the river, Patty saw what had been a two-storeyed summer-house, with a dry well in its floor. There was a flight of stairs leading into the well; but part of its wall had fallen in, and the stairs that led up were also rotted away. Patty felt very sorry for this; for mamma told her she had once seen the loveliest views of the river from this summer-house.

"I don't see why he did not have a snow-well like Jefferson," said Mrs. Gray. "There was one at Monticello, twenty-five feet across, and forty feet deep."

"Mamma," asked Patty, "were there no ice-cellars in Boston then?"

"I cannot be certain," said Mrs. Gray; "but I think not."

"What made them think of them in Virginia?" said Patty.

"Perhaps it was because they had an ice-cellar of Nature's own making in Virginia," said her mother. "In Hampshire County there is a

mountain whose northern side is covered with loose rock. If you dig it away a foot or two, you can find plenty of ice in the hottest weather."

"Isn't there any ice-cellar in New England?" said Patty, in a forlorn tone, as if she thought it quite impossible to give up to Virginia.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, laughing, "there is one in New Hampshire; but we needn't dig for ice there."

"Come," said Minnie, "we must be moving. My ole man will be after his supper, and I have a pail of water to carry."

They went round the house again, and strolled down the winding paths. Patty looked at all the things her mother had spoken of, and she was so busy thinking that she was very much surprised when she heard the sound of water, and, looking up quickly, saw Minnie pumping with all her might.

"Mamma!" said the child, "what would ever our girls say if they had to bring water such a long way as Minnie does? Isn't there any well but this? You said Washington thought so much about comfort!"

"He was so accustomed to seeing only one well on a large place," said Mrs. Gray, "that I don't believe he ever thought it an inconvenience. There was only one at Monticello, and a great many more people to use it. There was only a windlass and bucket there. You see Minnie don't complain."

"It is stupid not to!" said Patty.

Mrs. Gray laughed.

"No," said she; "only patient, unless somebody is ready to dig another well." And then, as they passed along, she showed Patty the spot on the lawn where she sat down to eat her luncheon when she first came to Mount Vernon.

"I was very much afraid of the pigs, Patty," said she. "They were quite wild, wandering about under the trees, and eating the acorns. I remember we pelted them with crackers, to keep them off while we ate; and then I was so shocked to see them come up and devour the scraps of bacon that some of the party dropped out of their sandwiches!"

Patty laughed at the idea of mamma's fright; and now they had come close to Minnie's cottage. A young girl had been left to take care

of it; and how brightly the fire gleamed on the whitewashed walls of the kitchen!

Mamma would not let Patty take off her sack, because there was no glass in the windows; and as Minnie had not yet lighted a splint, they could not close the shutters.

How I wish I could give you such a supper as Minnie gave Mrs. Gray! But I think it is only the negroes who really know how to cook. It is a great happiness to them if anything "tastes good," and so it was a real unhappiness in the old days to live on pork and meal.

There was a dish of small, gray oysters, such as the negroes dig in the bay for themselves. Perhaps a Northern cook would have thought it useless to try to do anything with them; but they came out of Minnie's oven steaming and fragrant. There was a corn-cake as yellow as gold, and slices of bright red ham, holding each a delicate bit of fried chicken; and then such coffee!

Patty was not allowed to drink coffee, and long afterward she used to say, "Mamma, I never really cared, except *that one night at Minnie's.*"

Oh, what a long, sweet sleep mamma and Patty had in that comfortable bed! They were both very tired; for, although it had been very pleasant to jaunt about with "Frisky" and the "Marquis," it was also hard work. No one could ever tell how Minnie contrived to get up the next morning and do all her work, and get her "ole man" off without waking them. The wooden shutter was tight over their window, and it was nine o'clock when she came gently in and lighted a pile of splints on the hearth.

A pile of splints make a grand fire to dress by. Patty was out of bed in a moment, but Mrs. Gray only opened her eyes, and said, in a sleepy tone, "Oh, Minnie, why did you let me lie so late?"

"There's plenty of time, lady," answered Minnie, in her sweet, sad voice; "when you have had a good breakfast, it will be warm enough to walk to the tomb. It will be quite late when the boat comes, and the 'ole man' will get everything aboard; no need to come back."

So, after such a breakfast as Patty never expected to see again, they went out under the trees.

"Mamma," said the little girl, as they walked along, "I s'pose I ought to be glad I've been here; but I can think more of Washington in the air and sunshine, looking off at that river, than ever I could in his house."

"Yes," said her mother; "so I feel, and, indeed, used to feel, when the house was full of things that he had used and cared for."

"Will you go to the old tomb first, mamma," said Patty, "and tell me about the funeral there?"

So they went out of the path, across the grass, and climbed over an old rail fence, and dropped down in front of the old arch. Mrs. Gray pushed back the bushes, and Patty saw that the wall was in ruins; no pains had been taken to close it neatly.

"You remember how calmly Washington died," said her mother, sitting down on the grass, so that she could see the river, with its boats on the one side, and the house far away on the lawn at the other. "He was taken sick on Friday; and when one of his friends asked what there was to do for him, he said, 'Nothing;' all his affairs had been closed and written out, to within two days of his illness.

"He had lived near to God all his life; so there was no talking about Him then. The thought of God was never a surprise. From the first he knew he must die; and his illness was so short, that those who loved him, everywhere, heard of his death before they knew of his illness. When they brought his body down from his chamber, it was laid before the beautiful marble mantel, which was, indeed, a sort of tablet to his honor. It showed how a stranger had learned to love him.

"When the day of the funeral came, the coffin rested on the piazza. We are not so very far from the house, you see, Patty; but the procession was a long one. The troops came first, and then the General's horse, saddle, holsters, and pistols, led by his two grooms. Then the women of the family followed. I always liked that. They passed out by the left gate, and went nearly down to the river, then across the bottom of the lawn, re-entering the grounds at the right wing, and thence down to the tomb. A schooner, belonging to Mr. Hamilton, a friend in Alexandria, was anchored in the river, and fired minute guns all the time the procession



was moving. Guns and cannon were discharged over the grave; and just at sunset the people moved away, and many of them, probably, went back to the house, to share the food it had been necessary to provide, in a spot so far from town. It was supposed the body would only lie here a little while; for Washington in his will had desired another tomb to be built. Everywhere, all over the world, friendly nations grieved over his death, and the flags of the shipping were lowered everywhere in token of mourning."

"And there was nobody in his own country who loved him enough to bury him the way he asked for!" said Patty. "How mean it was!"

"Yes," said mamma; "it does seem very sad that for thirty years he should have lain in a place which he himself had called 'unsafe and unfit.' Did I ever tell you, Patty, that when the body was moved into the new tomb, it was found unchanged? And all the negroes thought it was because the 'Good Chief was so just.' 'No corruption could touch *him*,' said the old preacher on the place."

"Why was it, mamma?" said Patty, who could not make up her mind to believe like the old preacher.

"I do not know," said Mrs. Gray; "but another old patriot, Abram Fuller, of Newton, in Massachusetts, was moved from his grave just about the same time, and the white people there said the same thing. They were so superstitious, that they carried away bits of his shroud."

"Did the negroes carry away bits of Washington's?" said Patty.

"No," said her mother; "it was only Washington's body that was preserved; no sign of a garment was left."

They sat silent a little while, and then Patty said, —

"Now, mamma, let us go down to the new tomb."

They went down under the bank. Patty had always heard that the new tomb was a very ugly thing; still its ugliness startled her. Mrs. Gray was surprised also; for she had not seen it since some tall stones had been put up for other members of the family. The place now looked like a small graveyard.

"Mamma," said Patty, when they had both stood still for a long time, "Washington would never have buried anybody in a place so ugly as that. How much prettier the old arch was!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "but Abraham Lincoln's tomb is almost exactly like this."

"As ugly?" exclaimed Patty.

"Yes," said her mother; "only in the warm weather, pots of bright blossoming flowers were set on the top of the arch, and the plants drooped down over it."

There was very little for Mrs. Gray to tell Patty about the new tomb. Patty knew that the damp soil had made it necessary to box up the coffins three times, and so, a few years after the new tomb was built, a gentleman in Philadelphia offered stone boxes, called *sarcophagi*, for this purpose. Then the open vestibule was built where these boxes now stand, protected only by an iron grate, and with the summer air blowing all round them.

"Mamma," said the little girl, suddenly, when they had stood still a few minutes, "what is the use of standing at this tomb? I don't

like it at all. I liked the stories, and the mantel-piece, and I like to walk here, and to see these trees, and the river; but I guess Washington isn't here. *He's out in the world!*"

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray; "and let us thank God for that. The great and good can never be shut into a tomb."

Minnie had been walking with them, so as to be sure that they did not lose time by going the longest way. She gave a spring at this moment, and brought down a branch of a low tree which bent from the bank above down over the tomb.

"See!" she said; "little missy, will you carry some thorns away? They are fine and large."

She showed a branch of a thorn acacia, and the thorns were stout, and four or five inches long.

"And thorns are just the right things to carry away from this grave," said Patty. "Mamma, I don't think he ought to lie *here*, if it is any matter where he lies. He should be somewhere where people work, and where the ground is sowed, and everything looks as he liked to have it."

Just then Mrs. Gray heard a shout, and, turning round, she saw Minnie's "ole man" hurrying along the bank, and waving a twig as high as he could. That meant that the steamer, which was to carry them as far as Acquia Creek on their way to Richmond, had come in sight.

So mamma and Patty turned away from the tomb toward the little wharf where the black bags were already lying.

"Oh, dear!" cried Patty, as they came in sight of the steamer; "there is the Professor's wife waiting for us this very minute, and baby has got the ball of red worsted just the same as ever. Oh, how glad I am!"

## NOTE.

The children who read this story may believe that everything belonging to Washington described in it I have seen and handled; but it is impossible to tell how many of these things now exist. Many of them were lost, and broken, and buried during the war, and will never again be found where little Patty saw them.

CAROLINE H. DALL.

## RECOMMENDATIONS.

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"Mrs. Dall tells her story charmingly." — *Cincinnati Chronicle*.

"This is one of the most charming books for children that we have found for a long time; and it is written with such true feeling, and in a style and method so superior, that the old will take pleasure in it. The scenes are lively, or tender, at the author's will; and she must clearly receive the credit of having written a book for children that Mrs. Stowe could not do better." — *John Weiss*.

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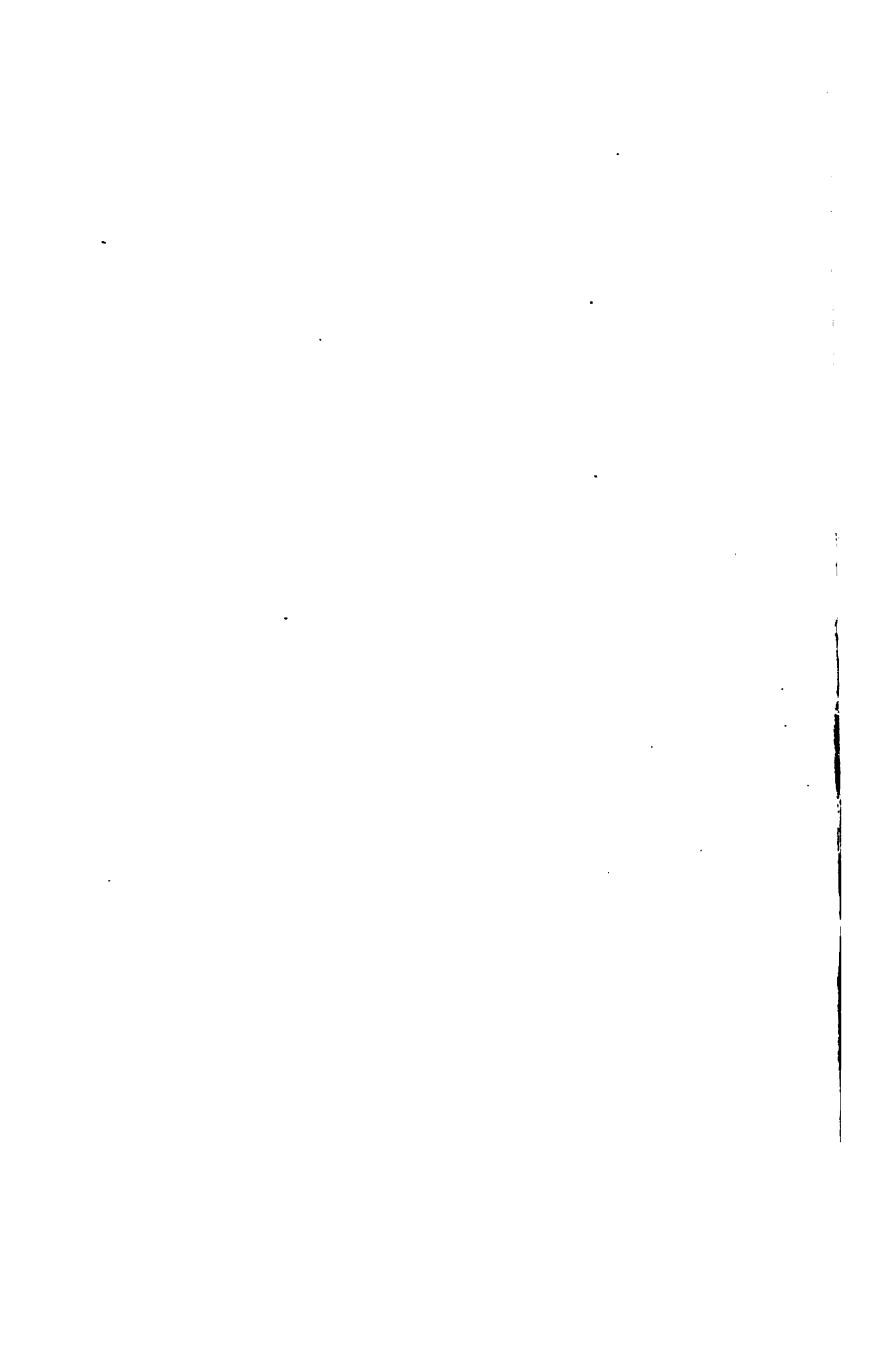
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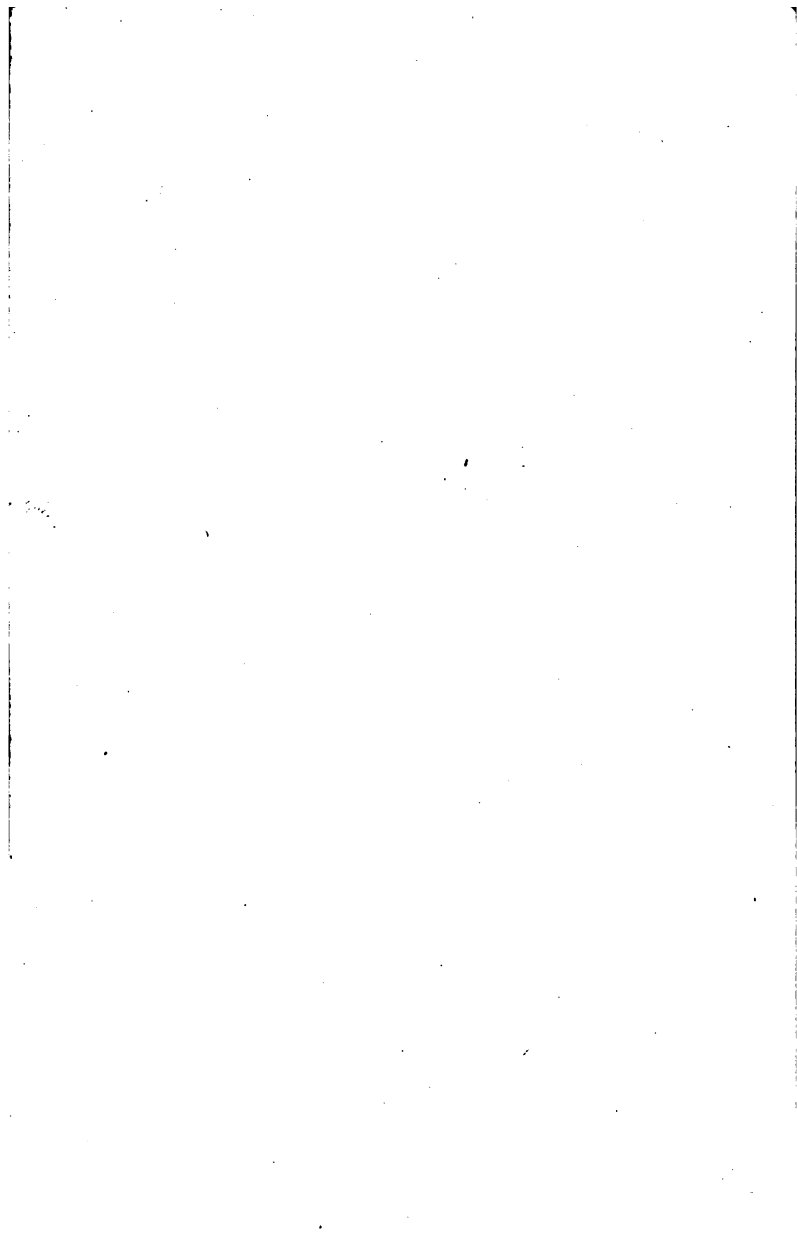
"The author understands how to write for children — a rare gift." — *Pittsburg Gazette*.

"Patty is a winsome little dear." — *New York Independent*.









the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion.

As the world's population grows, the demand for food and other resources will increase. This will put pressure on the environment and on the world's food supply.

One way to meet this demand is to increase the amount of food that is produced. This can be done by using more land for agriculture, by using more water, or by using more fertilizers.

Another way to meet this demand is to increase the efficiency of food production. This can be done by using better farming techniques, by using better seeds, or by using better fertilizers.

There are many ways to meet the world's growing demand for food and other resources. It is up to us to decide which way is best.

One way to decide is to look at the costs and benefits of each option. This will help us to choose the option that is best for the world.

Another way to decide is to look at the impact of each option on the environment. This will help us to choose the option that is best for the planet.

There are many other ways to decide. It is up to us to choose the way that is best for the world.

One way to choose is to look at the needs of the world's poor. This will help us to choose the option that is best for the most people.

Another way to choose is to look at the needs of the world's future generations. This will help us to choose the option that is best for the world.

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